WHIMS AND ODDITIES,

In Prose and Verse;

WITH FORTY ORIGINAL DESIGNS,

BY

THOMAS HOOD,

ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE,
AND THE DESIGNER OF THE PROGRESS OF CANT.

"What Demon hath possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that impertinent custom of punning?"

SCRIBLERUS.

SECOND SERIES.

LONDON:
CHARLES TILT, 86, FLEET STREET.
MDCCCXXVII.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY IBOTSON AND PALMER, SAVOY-STREET, STRAND.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.
754

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY THE

AUTHOR.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

In the absence of better fiddles, I have ventured to come forward again with my little kit of fancies. I trust it will not be found an unworthy sequel to my first performance; indeed, I have done my best, in the New Series, innocently to imitate a practise that prevails abroad in duelling—I mean, that of the Seconds giving Satisfaction.

The kind indulgence that welcomed my Volume heretofore, prevents me from reiterating the same apologies. The Public have learned, by this time, from my rude designs, that I am no great artist, and from my text, that I am no great author, but

humbly equivocating, bat-like, between the two kinds;—though proud to partake in any characteristic of either. As for the first particular, my hope persuades me that my illustrations cannot have degenerated, so ably as I have been seconded by Mr. Edward Willis, who, like the humane Walter, has befriended my offspring in the Wood.

In the literary part I have to plead guilty, as usual, to some verbal misdemeanours; for which, I must leave my defence to Dean Swift, and the other great European and Oriental Pundits. Let me suggest, however, that a pun is somewhat like a cherry: though there may be a slight outward indication of partition—of duplicity of meaning—yet no gentleman need make two bites at it against his own pleasure. To accommodate certain readers, notwithstanding, I have refrained from putting the majority in italics. It is not every one, I am aware, that can Toler-ate a pun like my Lord Norbury.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Bianca's Dream	1
A Ballad-Singer	13
Mary's Ghost	15
The Progress of Art	18
A School for Adults	23
A Legend of Navarre	30
The Demon-Ship	38
Sally Holt, and the Death of John Hayloft	45
A True Story	51
The Decline of Mrs. Shakerly	60
Tim Turpin	63
The Monkey-Martyr	67
Banditti	74
Death's Ramble	77
Craniology	80
An Affair of Honour	85
A Parthian Glance	88
A Sailor's Apology for Bow-Legs	91
"Nothing but Hearts!"	95
Jack Hall	99
The Wee Man	110
Pythagorean Fancies	113

	Page.
"Don't You Smell Fire?"	118
The Volunteer	121
A Marriage Procession	126
The Widow	130
A Mad Dog	135
John Trot	140
An Absentee	144
Ode to the Cameleopard	148

WHIMS AND ODDITIES.

BIANCA'S DREAM.

A VENETIAN STORY.

BIANCA!—fair Bianca!—who could dwell
With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,
Nor find there lurk'd in it a witching spell,
Fatal to balmy nights and blessed days!
The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell,
She turn'd to gas, and set it in a blaze;
Each eye of her's had Love's Eupyrion in it,
That he could light his link at in a minute.

So that, wherever in her charms she shone,
A thousand breasts were kindled into flame;
Maidens who cursed her looks forgot their own,
And beaux were turn'd to flambeaux where she came;
All hearts indeed were conquer'd but her own,
Which none could ever temper down or tame:
In short, to take our haberdasher's hints,
She might have written over it,—"from Flint's."

She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,
At least in Venice—where with eyes of brown
Tenderly languid, ladies seldom vex
An amourous gentle with a needless frown;
Where gondolas convey guitars by pecks,
And Love at casements climbeth up and down,
Whom for his tricks and custom in that kind,
Some have considered a Venetian blind.

Howbeit, this difference was quickly taught,
Amongst more youths who had this cruel jailor,
To hapless Julio—all in vain he sought
With each new moon his hatter and his tailor;
In vain the richest padusoy he bought,
And went in bran new beaver to assail her—
As if to show that Love had made him *smart*
All over—and not merely round his heart.

In vain he laboured thro' the sylvan park
Bianca haunted in—that where she came,
Her learned eyes in wandering might mark
The twisted cypher of her maiden name,
Wholesomely going thro' a course of bark:
No one was touched or troubled by his flame,
Except the dryads, those old maids that grow
In trees,—like wooden dolls in embryo.

"SPEAK UP, SIR!"

In vain complaining elegies he writ,
  And taught his tuneful instrument to grieve,
And sang in quavers how his heart was split,
  Constant beneath her lattice with each eve;
She mock'd his wooing with her wicked wit,
  And slash'd his suit, so that it matched his sleeve,
Till he grew silent at the vesper star,
And quite despairing, hamstring'd his guitar.

Bianca's heart was coldly frosted o'er
  With snows unmelting—an eternal sheet,
But his was red within him, like the core
  Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat;
And oft he longed internally to pour,
  His flames and glowing lava at her feet,
But when his burnings he began to spout,
She stopp'd his mouth, and put the *crater* out.

Meanwhile he wasted in the eyes of men,
  So thin, he seem'd a sort of skeleton-key
Suspended at death's door—so pale—and then
  He turn'd as nervous as an aspen tree;
The life of man is three score years and ten,
  But he was perishing at twenty-three,
For people truly said, as grief grew stronger,
"It could not shorten his poor life—much longer."

For why, he neither slept, nor drank, nor fed,
Nor relished any kind of mirth below;
Fire in his heart, and frenzy in his head,
Love had become his universal foe,
Salt in his sugar—nightmare in his bed,
At last, no wonder wretched Julio,
A sorrow-ridden thing, in utter dearth
Of hope,—made up his mind to cut her girth!

For hapless lovers always died of old,
Sooner than chew reflection's bitter cud;
So Thisbe stuck herself, what time 'tis told,
The tender-hearted mulberries wept blood;
And so poor Sappho when her boy was cold,
Drown'd her salt tear drops in a salter flood,
Their fame still breathing, tho' their breath be past,
For those old *suitors* lived beyond their last.

So Julio went to drown,—when life was dull,
But took his corks, and merely had a bath;
And once he pull'd a trigger at his scull,
But merely broke a window in his wrath;
And once his hopeless being to annul,
He tied a pack-thread to a beam of lath,
A line so ample, 'twas a query whether
'Twas meant to be a halter or a tether.

Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust
His sorrows thro'—'tis horrible to die!
And come down with our little all of dust,
That dun of all the duns to satisfy:
To leave life's pleasant city as we must,
In Death's most dreary spunging-house to lie,
Where even all our personals must go,
To pay the debt of nature that we owe!

So Julio liv'd:—'twas nothing but a pet
He took at life—a momentary spite;
Besides, he hoped that time would some day get
The better of love's flame, however bright;
A thing that time has never compass'd yet,
For love, we know, is an immortal light.
Like that old fire, that, quite beyond a doubt,
Was always in,—for none have found it out.

Meanwhile, Bianca dream'd—'twas once when night,
Along the darken'd plain began to creep,
Like a young Hottentot, whose eyes are bright,
Altho' in skin as sooty as a sweep:
The flow'rs had shut their eyes—the zephyr light
Was gone, for it had rock'd the leaves to sleep.
And all the little birds had laid their heads
Under their wings—sleeping in feather beds.

Lone in her chamber sate the dark ey'd maid,
By easy stages jaunting thro' her pray'rs,
But list'ning side-long to a serenade,
That robb'd the saints a little of their shares ;
For Julio underneath the lattice play'd
His Deh Vieni, and such amorous airs,
Born only underneath Italian skies,
Where every fiddle has a Bridge of Sighs.

Sweet was the tune—the words were even sweeter,
Praising her eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair,
With all the common tropes wherewith in metre,
The hackney poets overcharge their fair.
Her shape was like Diana's, but completer ;
Her brow with Grecian Helen's might compare :
Cupid, alas ! was cruel Sagittarius,
Julio—the weeping water-man Aquarius.

Now, after listing to such laudings rare,
'Twas very natural indeed to go—
What if she did postpone one little pray'r—
To ask her mirror "if it was not so?"
'Twas a large mirror, none the worse for wear,
Reflecting her at once from top to toe :
And there she gazed upon that glossy track,
That show'd her front face tho' it "gave her back."

A SPECIAL PLEADER.

And long her lovely eyes were held in thrall,
   By that dear page where first the woman reads :
That Julio was no flatt'rer, none at all,
   She told herself—and then she told her beads;
Meanwhile, the nerves insensibly let fall
   Two curtains fairer than the lily breeds ;
For Sleep had crept and kiss'd her unawares,
Just at the half-way milestone of her pray'rs.

Then like a drooping rose so bended she,
   Till her bow'd head upon her hand reposed ;
But still she plainly saw, or seem'd to see,
   That fair reflexion, tho' her eyes were closed,
A beauty-bright as it was wont to be,
   A portrait Fancy painted while she dozed :
'Tis very natural, some people say,
To dream of what we dwell on in the day.

Still shone her face—yet not, alas ! the same,
   But 'gan some dreary touches to assume,
And sadder thoughts, with sadder changes came—
   Her eyes resigned their light, her lips their bloom,
Her teeth fell out, her tresses did the same,
   Her cheeks were tinged with bile, her eyes with rheum :
There was a throbbing at her heart within,
For, oh ! there was a shooting in her chin.

And lo! upon her sad desponding brow,
  The cruel trenches of besieging age,
With seams, but most unseemly, 'gan to show
  Her place was booking for the seventh stage;
And where her raven tresses used to flow,
  Some locks that Time had left her in his rage,
And some mock ringlets made her forehead shady,
A compound (like our Psalms) of tête and braidy.

Then for her shape—alas! how Saturn wrecks,
  And bends, and corkscrews all the frame about,
Doubles the hams, and crooks the straightest necks,
  Draws in the nape, and pushes forth the snout,
Makes backs and stomachs concave or convex:
  Witness those pensioners called In and Out,
Who all day watching first and second rater,
Quaintly unbend themselves—but grow no straighter.

So Time with fair Bianca dealt, and made
  Her shape a bow, that once was like an arrow;
His iron hand upon her spine he laid,
  And twisted all awry her "winsome marrow."
In truth it was a change!—she had obey'd
  The holy Pope before her chest grew narrow,
But spectacles and palsy seem'd to make her
Something between a Glassite and a Quaker.

IN-AND-OUT PENSIONERS.

Her grief and gall meanwhile were quite extreme,
   And she had ample reason for her trouble;
For what sad maiden can endure to seem
   Set in for singleness, tho' growing double.
The fancy madden'd her; but now the dream,
   Grown thin by getting bigger, like a bubble,
Burst,—but still left some fragments of its size,
That, like the soapsuds, smarted in her eyes.

And here—just here—as she began to heed
   The real world, her clock chimed out its score;
A clock it was of the Venetian breed,
   That cried the hour from one to twenty-four;
The works moreover standing in some need
   Of workmanship, it struck some dozens more;
A warning voice that clench'd Bianca's fears,
Such strokes referring doubtless to her years.

At fifteen chimes she was but half a nun,
   By twenty she had quite renounced the veil;
She thought of Julio just at twenty-one,
   And thirty made her very sad and pale,
To paint that ruin where her charms would run;
   At forty all the maid began to fail,
And thought no higher, as the late dream cross'd her,
Of single blessedness, than single Gloster.

And so Bianca changed;—the next sweet even,
With Julio in a black Venetian bark,
Row'd slow and stealthily—the hour, eleven,
Just sounding from the tow'r of old St. Mark,
She sate with eyes turn'd quietly to heav'n,
Perchance rejoicing in the grateful dark
That veil'd her blushing cheek,—for Julio brought her
Of course—to break the ice upon the water.

But what a puzzle is one's serious mind
To open;—oysters, when the ice is thick,
Are not so difficult and disinclin'd;
And Julio felt the declaration stick
About his throat in a most awful kind;
However, he contrived by bits to pick
His trouble forth,—much like a rotten cork
Grop'd from a long-neck'd bottle with a fork.

But love is still the quickest of all readers;
And Julio spent besides those signs profuse
That English telegraphs and foreign pleaders,
In help of language, are so apt to use,
Arms, shoulders, fingers, all were interceders,
Nods, shrugs, and bends,—Bianca could not choose
But soften to his suit with more facility,
He told his story with so much agility.

"Be thou my park, and I will be thy dear,
(So he began at last to speak or quote;)
Be thou my bark, and I thy gondolier,
(For passion takes this figurative note;)
Be thou my light, and I thy chandelier;
Be thou my dove, and I will be thy cote:
My lily be, and I will be thy river;
Be thou my life—and I will be thy liver."

This, with more tender logic of the kind,
He pour'd into her small and shell-like ear,
That timidly against his lips inclin'd;
Meanwhile her eyes glanced on the silver sphere
That even now began to steal behind
A dewy vapour, which was lingering near,
Wherein the dull moon crept all dim and pale,
Just like a virgin putting on the veil:—

Bidding adieu to all her sparks—the stars,
That erst had woo'd and worshipp'd in her train,
Saturn and Hesperus, and gallant Mars—
Never to flirt with heavenly eyes again.
Meanwhile, remindful of the convent bars,
Bianca did not watch these signs in vain,
But turn'd to Julio at the dark eclipse,
With words, like verbal kisses, on her lips.

He took the hint full speedily, and, back'd
  By love, and night, and the occasion's meetness,
Bestow'd a something on her cheek that smack'd
  (Tho' quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness;
That made her think all other kisses lack'd
  Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness:
Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,
Insipid things—like sandwiches of veal.

He took her hand, and soon she felt him wring
  The pretty fingers all instead of one;
Anon his stealthy arm began to cling
  About her waist that had been clasp'd by none;
Their dear confessions I forbear to sing,
  Since cold description would but be outrun;
For bliss and Irish watches have the pow'r,
In twenty minutes, to lose half an hour!

A BALLAD-SINGER

Is a town-crier for the advertising of lost tunes. Hunger hath made him a wind instrument; his want is vocal, and not he. His voice had gone a-begging before he took it up and applied it to the same trade; it was too strong to hawk mackarel, but was just soft enough for Robin Adair. His business is to make popular songs unpopular,—he gives the air, like a weathercock, with many variations. As for a key, he has but one—a latch-key—for all manner of tunes; and as they are to pass current amongst the lower sorts of people, he makes his notes like a country banker's, as thick as he can. His tones have a copper sound, for he sounds for copper; and for the musical divisions he hath no regard, but sings on, like a kettle, without taking any heed of the bars. Before beginning he clears his pipe with gin; and he is always hoarse from the thorough draft in his throat. He hath but one shake, and that is in winter. His voice sounds flat, from flatulence; and he fetches breath, like a drowning kitten, whenever he can.

Notwithstanding all this his music gains ground, for it walks with him from end to end of the street.

He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a song; for he will chaunt, without asking, to a street cur or a parish post. His only backwardness is to a stave after dinner, seeing that he never dines; for he sings for bread, and though corn has ears, sings very commonly in vain. As for his country, he is an Englishman, that by his birthright may sing whether he can or not. To conclude, he is reckoned passable in the city, but is not so good off the stones.

MARY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

1.

'Twas in the middle of the night,
  To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
  And stood at his bed-side.

2.

O William dear! O William dear!
  My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
  Is broken into pieces.

3.

I thought the last of all my cares
  Would end with my last minute;
But tho' I went to my long home,
  I didn't stay long in it.

4.

The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be!

5.

You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone
They've come and bon'd your Mary.

6.

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

7.

I vow'd that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial;
You'll find it there, at Doctor Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

8.

As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
The t'other's in the city.

"GIN A BODY MEET A BODY."

10.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can :
As for my trunk, it's all pack'd up
To go by Pickford's van.

11.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride ;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

12.

The cock it crows—I must begone !
My William we must part !
But I'll be your's in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

13.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be ;
They have'nt left an atom there,
Of my anatomie.

THE PROGRESS OF ART.

O HAPPY time!—Art's early days!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd,
As nothing to the young!

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few,
So easily and swift I drew,
Suffic'd for my design;
My sketchy, superficial hand,
Drew solids at a dash—and spann'd
A surface with a line.

Not long my eye was thus content,
But grew more critical—my bent
Essay'd a higher walk;
I copied leaden eyes in lead—
Rheumatic hands in white and red,
And gouty feet—in chalk.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI

Anon my studious art for days
Kept making faces—happy phrase,
For faces such as mine!
Accomplish'd in the details then,
I left the minor parts of men,
And drew the form divine.

Old Gods and Heroes—Trojan—Greek,
Figures—long after the antique,
Great Ajax justly fear'd;
Hectors of whom at night I dreamt,
And Nestor, fringed enough to tempt
Bird-nesters to his beard.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
A Pallas, that out-star'd her owl,
A Vulcan—very lame;
A Dian stuck about with stars,
With my right hand I murder'd Mars—
(One Williams did the same.)

But tir'd of this dry work at last,
Crayon and chalk aside I cast,
And gave my brush a drink!
Dipping—"as when a painter dips
In gloom of earthquake and eclipse,"—
That is—in Indian ink.

Oh then, what black Mont Blancs arose,
Crested with soot, and not with snows ;
What clouds of dingy hue !
In spite of what the Bard has penn'd,
I fear the distance did not "lend
Enchantment to the view."

Not Radcliffe's brush did e'er design
Black Forests, half so black as mine,
Or lakes so like a pall ;
The Chinese cake dispers'd a ray
Of darkness, like the light of Day
And Martin over all.

Yet urchin pride sustain'd me still,
I gaz'd on all with right good will,
And spread the dingy tint ;
"No holy Luke helped me to paint,
The Devil surely, not a Saint,
Had any finger in't !"

But colours came !—like morning light,
With gorgeous hues displacing night,
Or Spring's enliven'd scene :
At once the sable shades withdrew ;
My skies got very, very blue ;
My trees extremely green.

INFANT GENIUS.

And wash'd by my cosmetic brush,
How Beauty's cheek began to blush;
　　With locks of auburn stain—
(Not Goldsmith's Auburn)—nut-brown hair,
That made her loveliest of the fair;
　　Not "loveliest of the plain!"

Her lips were of vermillion hue;
Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,
　　Set all my heart in flame!—
A young Pygmalion, I ador'd
The maids I made—but time was stor'd
　　With evil—and it came!

Perspective dawn'd—and soon I saw
My houses stand against its law;
　　And "keeping" all unkept!
My beauties were no longer things
For love and fond imaginings;
　　But horrors to be wept!

Ah! why did knowledge ope my eyes?
Why did I get more artist-wise?
　　It only serves to hint,
What grave defects and wants are mine;
That I'm no Hilton in design—
　　In nature no Dewint!

Thrice happy time!—Art's early days!
When o'er each deed with sweet self-praise,
    Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seem'd,
And such Old Masters all were deem'd
    As nothing to the young!

A SCHOOL FOR ADULTS.

Servant. How well you saw
Your father to school to-day, knowing how apt
He is to play the truant.

Son. But is he not
Yet gone to school?

Servant. Stand by, and you shall see.

Enter three Old Men with satchels, singing.

All Three. Domine, Domine, duster,
Three knaves in a cluster.

Son. O this is gallant pastime. Nay, come on;
Is this your school? was that your lesson, ha?

1st Old Man. Pray, now, good son, indeed, indeed—

Son. Indeed
You shall to school. Away with him; and take
Their wagships with him, the whole cluster of them.

2d Old Man. You shan't send us, now, so you shan't—

3d Old Man. We be none of your father, so we be'nt.—

Son. Away with 'em, I say; and tell their school-mistress
What truants they are, and bid her pay 'em soundly.

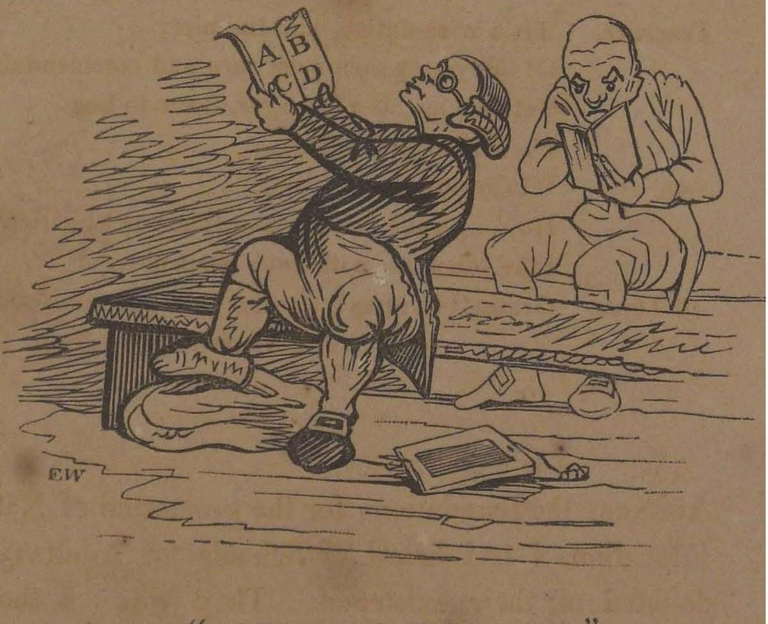
All Three. Oh! oh! oh!

Lady. Alas! will nobody beg pardon for
The poor old boys?

Traveller. Do men of such fair years here go to school?
Native. They would die dunces else.
These were great scholars in their youth; but when
Age grows upon men here, their learning wastes,
And so decays, that, if they live until
Threescore, their sons send 'em to school again;
They'd die as speechless else as new-born children.
Traveller. 'Tis a wise nation, and the piety
Of the young men most rare and commendable:
Yet give me, as a stranger, leave to beg
Their liberty this day.
Son. 'Tis granted.
Hold up your heads; and thank the gentleman,
Like scholars, with your heels now.
All Three. Gratias! Gratias! Gratias! [*Exeunt Singing.*]

"THE ANTIPODES,"—*By R. Brome.*

AMONGST the foundations for the promotion of National Education, I had heard of Schools for Adults; but I doubted of their existence. They were, I thought, merely the fancies of old dramatists, such as that scene just quoted; or the suggestions of philanthropists—the theoretical buildings of modern philosophers—benevolent prospectuses drawn up by warm-hearted enthusiasts, but of schemes never to be realized. They were probably only the bubble projections of a junto of interested pedagogues, not content with the entrance-monies of the rising generation, but aiming to exact a premium from



"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

the unlettered grey-beard. The age, I argued, was not ripe for such institutions, in spite of the spread of intelligence, and the vast power of knowledge insisted on by the public journalist. I could not conceive a set of men, or gentlemen, of mature years, if not aged, entering themselves as members of preparatory schools, and petty seminaries, in defiance of shame, humiliation, and the contumely of a literary age. It seemed too whimsical to contemplate fathers, and venerable grandfathers, emulating the infant generation, and seeking for instruction in the rudiments. My imagination refused to picture the hoary abecedarian

> "With satchel on his back, and shining morning face,
> Creeping like snail unwillingly to school."

Fancy grew restive at a patriarchal ignoramus with a fool's-cap, and a rod thrust down his bosom; at a palsied truant dodging the palmy inflictions of the cane; or a silver-headed dunce horsed on a pair of rheumatic shoulders for a paralytic flagellation. The picture notwithstanding is realized! Elderly people seem to have considered that they will be as awkwardly situated in the other world, as here, without their alphabet,—and Schools for Grown Persons to learn to read, are no more Utopian than New Harmony. The following letter from an old gentleman, whose education had been neglected, confirms me in the fact. It is copied, ver-

batim and literatim from the original, which fell into my hands by accident.

Black Heath, November, 1827.

Deer Brother,

My honnerd Parents being Both desist I feal my Deuty to give you Sum Acount of the Proggress I have maid in my studdys since last Vocation. You will be gratefied to hear I am at the Hed of my Class and Tom Hodges is at its Bottom, tho He was Seventy last Burth Day and I am onely going on for Three Skore. I have begun Gografy and do exsizes on the Globs. In figgers I am all most out the fore Simples and going into Compounds next weak. In the mean time hop you will aprove my Hand riting as well as my Speling witch I have took grate panes with as you desird. As for the French Tung Mr. Legender says I shall soon get the pronounciation as well as a Parishiner but the Master thinks its not advisible to begin Lattin at my advancd ears.

With respecks to my Pearsonal comfits I am verry happy and midling Well xcept the old Cumplant in my To—but the Master is so kind as let me have a Cushin for my feat, If their is any thing to cumplane of its the Vittles. Our Cook dont understand Maid dishes. her Currys is xcrabble. Tom Hodges Foot Man brings him Evry Day Soop from Birches I wish you providid me the same. On the hole I wish on menny Acounts I

was a Day border partickly as Barlow sleeps in our Room and coffs all nite long. His brother's Ashmy is wus then his. He has took lately to snuff and I have wishes to do the like. Its very dull after Supper since Mr. Grierson took away the fellers Pips, and forbid smocking, and allmost raized a Riot on that hed, and sum of the Boys was to have Been horst for it. I am happy (to) say I have never been floged as yet and onely Caind once and that was for damming at the Cooks chops becous they was so overdun, but there was to have been fore Wiped yeaster day for Playing Wist in skool hours, but was Begd off on acount of their Lumbargo.

I am sorry to say Ponder has had another Stroak of the perrylaticks and has no Use of his Lims. He is Parrs fag—and Parr has got the Roomytix bysides very bad but luckly its onely stiffind one Arm so he has still Hops to get the Star for Heliocution. Poor Dick Combs eye site has quit gone or he would have a good chance for the Silvur Pen.

Mundy was one of the Fellers Burths Days and we was to have a hole Hollday but he dyed sudnly over nite of the appoplxy and disappinted us verry much. Two moor was fetcht home last Weak so that we are getting very thin partickly when we go out Wauking, witch is seldom more than three at a time, their is allways so menny in the nusry. I forgot to say Garrat run off a month ago he got verry Homesick ever since

his Granchilderen cum to sea him at skool,—Mr. Grierson has expeld him for running away.

On Tuesday a new Schollard cum. He is a very old crusty Chap and not much lick'd for that resin by the rest of the Boys, whom all Teas him, and call him Phig because he is a retird Grosser. Mr. Grierson declind another New Boy because he hadn't had the Mizzles. I have red Gays Fabbles and the other books You were so kind to send me—and would be glad of moor partickly the Gentlemans with a Welsh Whig and a Worming Pan when you foreward my Closebox with my clean Lining like wise sum moor Fleasy Hoshery for my legs and the Cardmums I rit for with the French Grammer &c.—Also weather I am to Dance next quarter. The Gimnystacks is being interdeuced into our Skool but is so Voilent no one follows them but Old Parr and He cant get up his Pole.

I have no more to rite but hop this letter will find you as Well as me; Mr. Grierson is in Morning for Mr. Linly Murry of whose loss you have herd of—xcept witch he is in Quite good Helth and desires his Respective Complements with witch I remane

Your deutiful and
loving Brother
***** *******

S. P. Barlow and Phigg have just had a fite in the Yard about calling names and Phigg has pegged Bar-

lows tooth out But it was loose before. Mr. G. dont alow Puglism, if he nose it among the Boys, as at their Times of lifes it might be fatle partickly from puling their Cotes of in the open Are.

Our new Husher is cum and is verry well Red in his Mother's tung, witch is the mane thing with Beginers but We wish the Frentch Master was changed on Acount of his Pollyticks and Religun. Brassbrige and him is always Squabling about Bonnyparty and the Pop of Room. Has for Barlow we cant tell weather He is Wig or Tory for He cant express his Sentymints for Coffing.

A LEGEND OF NAVARRE.

'Twas in the reign of Lewis, call'd the Great,
As one may read on his triumphal arches,
The thing befel I'm going to relate,
In course of one of those "pomposo" marches
He lov'd to make, like any gorgeous Persian,
Partly for war, and partly for diversion.

Some wag had put it in the royal brain
To drop a visit at an old chateau,
Quite unexpected, with his courtly train;
The monarch liked it,—but it happened so,
That Death had got before them by a post,
And they were "reckoning without their *host*,"

Who died exactly as a child should die,
Without one groan or a convulsive breath,
Closing without one pang his quiet eye,
Sliding composedly from sleep—to death;
A corpse so placid ne'er adorn'd a bed,
He seem'd not quite—but only rather dead.

All night the widow'd Baroness contriv'd
  To shed a widow's tears; but on the morrow
Some news of such unusual sort arriv'd,
  There came strange alteration in her sorrow;
From mouth to mouth it past, one common humming
Throughout the house—the King! the King is coming!

The Baroness, with all her soul and heart,
  A loyal woman, (now called ultra-royal,)
Soon thrust all funeral concerns apart,
  And only thought about a banquet-royal;
In short, by help of earnest preparation,
The visit quite dismiss'd the visitation.

And spite of all her grief for the ex-mate,
  There was a secret hope she could not smother,
That some one, early, might replace "the late"—
  It was too soon to think about another;
Yet let her minutes of despair be reckon'd
Against her hope, which was but for *a second.*

She almost thought that being thus bereft
  Just then, was one of time's propitious touches;
A thread in such a nick so nicked, it left
  Free opportunity to be a duchess;
Thus all her care was only to look pleasant,
But as for tears—she dropp'd them—for the present.

Her household, as good servants ought to try,
  Look'd like their lady—any thing but sad,
And giggled even that they might not cry,
  To damp fine company; in truth they had
No time to mourn, thro' choking turkeys' throttles,
Scouring old laces, and reviewing bottles.

Oh what a hubbub for the house of woe!
  All, resolute to one irresolution,
Kept tearing, swearing, plunging to and fro,
  Just like another French mob-revolution.
There lay the corpse that could not stir a muscle,
But all the rest seem'd Chaos in a bustle.

The Monarch came: Oh! who could ever guess
  The Baroness had been so late a weeper!
The kingly grace and more than graciousness,
  Buried the poor defunct some fathoms deeper,—
Could he have had a glance—alas, poor Being!
Seeing would certainly have led to *D*—ing.

For casting round about her eyes to find
  Some one to whom her chattels to endorse,
The comfortable dame at last inclin'd
  To choose the cheerful Master of the Horse;
He was so gay,—so tender,—the complete
Nice man,—the sweetest of the monarch's suite.

THE SPARE BED.

He saw at once and enter'd in the lists—
  Glance unto glance made amorous replies;
They talk'd together like two egotists,
  In conversation all made up of *eyes*;
No couple ever got so right consort-ish
Within two hours—a courtship rather shortish.

At last, some sleepy, some by wine opprest,
  The courtly company began "nid noddin;"
The King first sought his chamber, and the rest
  Instanter followed by the course he trod in.
I shall not please the scandalous by showing
The order, or disorder of their going.

The old Chateau, before that night, had never
  Held half so many underneath its roof;
It task'd the Baroness's best endeavour,
  And put her best contrivance to the proof,
To give them chambers up and down the stairs,
In twos and threes, by singles, and by pairs.

She had just lodging for the whole—yet barely;
  And some, that were both broad of back and tall,
Lay on spare beds that served them very sparely;
  However, there were beds enough for all;
But living bodies occupied so many,
She could not let the dead one take up any!

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The act was, certainly, not over decent:
  Some small respect, e'en after death, she ow'd him,
Considering his death had been so recent;
  However, by command, her servants stow'd him,
(I am asham'd to think how he was slubber'd,)
Stuck bolt upright within a corner cupboard!

And there he slept as soundly as a post,
  With no more pillow than an oaken shelf;
Just like a kind accommodating host,
  Taking all inconvenience on himself;
None else slept in that room, except a stranger,
A decent man, a sort of Forest Ranger.

Who, whether he had gone too soon to bed,
  Or dreamt himself into an appetite,
Howbeit, he took a longing to be fed,
  About the hungry middle of the night;
So getting forth, he sought some scrap to eat,
Hopeful of some stray pasty, or cold meat.

The casual glances of the midnight moon,
  Bright'ning some antique ornaments of brass,
Guided his gropings to that corner soon,
  Just where it stood, the coffin-safe, alas!
He tried the door—then shook it—and in course
Of time it opened to a little force.

He put one hand in, and began to grope;
  The place was very deep and quite as dark as
The middle night;—when lo! beyond his hope,
  He felt a something cold, in fact, the carcase;
Right overjoy'd, he laugh'd and blest his luck
At finding, as he thought, this haunch of buck!

Then striding back for his couteau de chasse,
  Determin'd on a little midnight lunching,
He came again and probed about the mass,
  As if to find the fattest bit for munching;
Not meaning wastefully to cut it all up,
But only to abstract a little collop.

But just as he had struck one greedy stroke,
  His hand fell down quite powerless and weak;
For when he cut the haunch it plainly spoke
  As haunch of ven'son never ought to speak;
No wonder that his hand could go no further—
Whose could?—to carve cold meat that bellow'd,
    "murther!"

Down came the Body with a bounce, and down
  The Ranger sprang, a staircase at a spring,
And bawl'd enough to waken up a town;
  Some thought that *they* were murder'd, some, the King,
And, like Macduff, did nothing for a season,
But stand upon the spot and bellow, "Treason!"

A hundred nightcaps gathered in a mob,
Torches drew torches, swords brought swords together,
It seem'd so dark and perilous a job;
The Baroness came trembling like a feather
Just in the rear, as pallid as a corse,
Leaning against the Master of the Horse.

A dozen of the bravest up the stair,
Well lighted and well watch'd, began to clamber;
They sought the door—they found it—they were there,
A dozen heads went poking in the chamber;
And lo! with one hand planted on his hurt,
There stood the Body bleeding thro' his shirt,—

No passive corse—but like a duellist
Just smarting from a scratch—in fierce position,
One hand advanc'd, and ready to resist;
In fact, the Baron doff'd the apparition,
Swearing those oaths the French delight in most,
And for the second time "gave up the ghost!"

A living miracle!—for why?—the knife
That cuts so many off from grave grey hairs,
Had only carv'd him kindly into life.
How soon it changed the posture of affairs!
The difference one person more or less
Will make in families, is past all guess.

" WHY DON'T YOU GET UP BEHIND?"

There stood the Baroness—no widow yet:
  Here stood the Baron—"in the body" still:
There stood the Horses' Master in a pet,
  Choking with disappointment's bitter pill,
To see the hope of his reversion fail,
Like that of riding on a donkey's tail.

The Baron liv'd—'twas nothing but a trance:
  The lady died—'twas nothing but a death:
The cupboard-cut serv'd only to enhance
  This postscript to the old Baronial breath:—
He soon forgave for the revival's sake,
A little *chop* intended for a *steak!*

THE DEMON-SHIP.

Stories of storm-ships and haunted vessels, of spectre-shallops, and supernatural Dutch doggers, are common to many countries, and are well attested both in poetry and prose. The adventures of Solway sailors, with Mahound, in his bottomless barges, and the careerings of the phantom-ship up and down the Hudson, have hundreds of asserters besides Messrs. Cunningham and Crayon; and to doubt their authenticity may seem like an imitation of the desperate sailing of the haunted vessels themselves against wind and tide. I cannot help fancying, however, that Richard Faulder was but one of those tavern-dreamers recorded by old Heywood, who conceived

"The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace."

And as for the Flying Dutchman, my notion is very different from the popular conception of that apparition, as I have ventured to show by the opposite design.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

The spectre-ship, bound to Dead Man's Isle, is almost as awful a craft as the skeleton-bark of the Ancient Mariner; but they are both fictions, and have not the advantage of being realities, like the dreary vessel with its dreary crew in the following story, which records an adventure that befel even unto myself.

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!

What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what jagged
steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in
the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the
chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast
against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturn'd a sailor's
shroud:—
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, roll-
ing, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turn'd its hugeness
to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of
brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and
home;
The waters clos'd—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd
below the foam!

Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

* * * * *

"Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of death?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seem'd around?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
A face, that mock'd the human face, before me watch'd alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that look'd against my own?

Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that accursed night!
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—

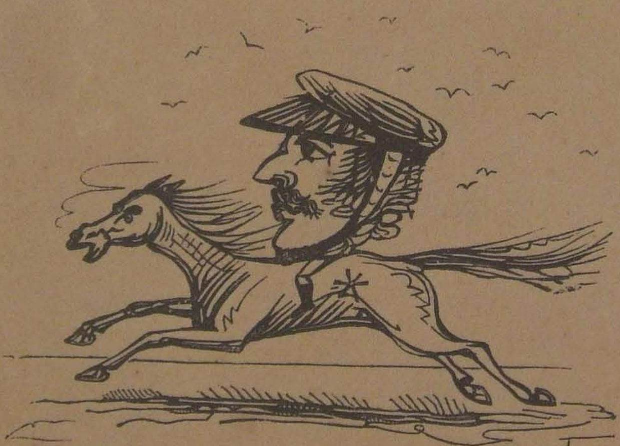
Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare,—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that Grimly One who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark:
His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I look'd beneath,
His breast was black—all, all, was black except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the inky waves!

"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed
mercy's sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any
coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gain'd my
soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows
that beguil'd
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall
see:
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!"

Loud laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in
return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem
to stern—
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the
nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at
once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of
the Pit.
They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer
for the whole:—

"Our skins," said he, "are black ye see, because we
carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native
fields—
For this here ship has pick'd you up—the Mary Ann of
Shields!"



FANCY PORTRAIT :—CAPTAIN HEAD.

SALLY HOLT,

AND THE

DEATH OF JOHN HAYLOFT.

Four times in the year—twice at the season of the half-yearly dividends, and twice at the intermediate quarters, to make her slender investments—there calls at my Aunt Shakerly's, a very plain, very demure maiden, about forty, and makes her way downward to the kitchen, or upward to my cousin's chamber, as may happen. Her coming is not to do chair-work, or needle-work—to tell fortunes—to beg, steal, or borrow. She does not come for old clothes, or for new. Her simple errand is love—pure, strong, disinterested, enduring love, passing the love of women—at least for women.

It is not often servitude begets much kindliness between the two relations; her's, however, grew from that ungenial soil. For the whole family of the Shakerlies she has a strong feudal attachment, but her particular regard dwells with Charlotte, the latest born of

the clan. *Her* she doats upon—*her* she fondles—and takes upon her longing, loving lap.

O let not the oblivious attentions of the worthy Dominie Sampson, to the tall boy Bertram, be called an unnatural working! I have seen my cousin, a good feeder, and well grown into womanhood, sitting—two good heads taller than her dry-nurse—on the knees of the simple-hearted Sally Holt! I have seen the huge presentation orange, unlapp'd from the homely speckled kerchief, and thrust with importunate tenderness into the bashful *marriageable* hand.

My cousin's heart is not so artificially composed, as to let her scorn this humble affection, though she is puzzled sometimes with what kind of look to receive these honest but awkward endearments. I have seen her face quivering with half a laugh.

It is one of Sally's staple hopes that, some day or other, when Miss Charlotte keeps house, she will live with her as a servant; and this expectation makes her particular and earnest to a fault in her enquiries about sweet-hearts, and offers, and the matrimonial chances: questions which I have seen my cousin listen to with half a cry.

Perhaps Sally looks upon this confidence as her right, in return for those secrets which, by joint force of ignorance and affection, she could not help reposing in the bosom of her foster-mistress. Nature, unkind to her, as to Dogberry, denied to her that knowledge of read-

ing and writing which comes to some by instinct. A strong principle of religion made it a darling point with her to learn to read, that she might study in her bible: but in spite of all the help of my cousin, and as ardent a desire for learning as ever dwelt in scholar, poor Sally never mastered beyond A-B-ab. Her mind, simple as her heart, was unequal to any more difficult combinations. Writing was worse to her than conjuring. My cousin was her amanuensis: and from the vague, unaccountable mistrust of ignorance, the inditer took the pains always to compare the verbal message with the transcript, by counting the number of the words.

I would give up all the tender epistles of Mrs. Arthur Brooke, to have read one of Sally's epistles; but they were amatory, and therefore kept sacred: for plain as she was, Sally Holt had a lover.

There is an unpretending plainness in some faces that has its charm—an unaffected ugliness, a thousand times more bewitching than those would-be pretty looks that neither satisfy the critical sense, nor leave the matter of beauty at once to the imagination. We like better to make a new face than to mend an old one. Sally had not one good feature, except those which John Hayloft made for her in his dreams; and to judge from one token, her partial fancy was equally answerable for his charms. One precious lock—no, not a lock, but rather a remnant of very short, very coarse, very yellow hair, the clippings of a military crop, for John was a

corporal—stood the foremost item amongst her treasures. To her they were curls, golden, Hyperian, and cherished long after the parent-head was laid low, with many more, on the bloody plain of Salamanca.

I remember vividly at this moment the ecstasy of her grief at the receipt of the fatal news. She was standing near the dresser with a dish, just cleaned, in her dexter hand. Ninety-nine women in a hundred would have dropped the dish. Many would have flung themselves after it on the floor; but Sally put it up, orderly, on the shelf. The fall of John Hayloft could not induce the fall of the crockery. She felt the blow notwithstanding; and as soon as she had emptied her hands, began to give way to her emotions in her own manner. Affliction vents itself in various modes, with different temperaments: some rage, others compose themselves like monuments. Some weep, some sleep, some prose about death, and others poetize on it. Many take to a bottle, or to a rope. Some go to Margate, or Bath.

Sally did nothing of these kinds. She neither snivelled, travelled, sickened, maddened, nor ranted, nor canted, nor hung, nor fuddled herself—*she only rocked herself upon the kitchen chair!!*

The action was not adequate to her relief. She got up—took a fresh chair—then another—and another—and another,—till she had rocked on all the chairs in the kitchen.

The thing was tickling to both sympathies. It was

pathetical to behold her grief, but ludicrous that she knew no better how to grieve.

An American might have thought that she was in the act of enjoyment, but for an intermitting O dear! O dear! Passion could not wring more from her in the way of exclamation than the tooth-ache. Her lamentations were always the same, even in tone. By and bye she pulled out the hair—the cropped, yellow, stunted, scrubby hair; then she fell to rocking—then O dear! O dear!—and then Da Capo.

It was an odd sort of elegy, and yet, simple as it was, I thought it worth a thousand of Lord Littelton's!

"Heyday, Sally! what is the matter?" was a very natural enquiry from my Aunt, when she came down into the kitchen; and if she did not make it with her tongue, at least it was asked very intelligibly by her eyes. Now Sally had but one way of addressing her mistress, and she used it here. It was the same with which she would have asked for a holiday, except that the waters stood in her eyes.

"If you please, Ma'am," said she, rising up from her chair, and dropping her old curtsey, "if you please, Ma'am, it's John Hayloft is dead;" and then she began rocking again, as if grief was a baby that wanted jogging to sleep.

My Aunt was posed. She would fain have comforted the mourner, but her mode of grieving was so out of the common way, that she did not know how to begin.

To the violent she might have brought soothing; to the desponding, texts of patience and resignation; to the hysterical, sal volatile; she might have asked the sentimental for the story of her woes. A good scolding is useful with some sluggish griefs:—in some cases a cordial. In others—a job.

If Sally had only screamed, or bellowed, or fainted, or gone stupified, or raved, or said a collect, or moped about, it would have been easy to deal with her. But with a woman that only rocked on her chair——

What the devil could my Aunt do?—

Why, nothing:—and she did it as well as she could.

PONY-ATOWSKI.

A TRUE STORY.

Of all our pains, since man was curst,
I mean of body, not the mental,
To name the worst, among the worst,
The dental sure is transcendental;
Some bit of masticating bone,
That ought to help to clear a shelf:
But lets its proper work alone,
And only seems to gnaw itself,
In fact, of any grave attack
On victual, there is little danger
'Tis so like coming to the *rack*,
As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seem'd a fit retort
Of justice on his grinding ways—
Possess'd a grinder of the sort,
That troubled all his latter days.
The best of friends fall out, and so
His teeth had done some years ago,
Save some old stumps with ragged root,
And they took turn about to shoot:

751

If he drank any chilly liquor,
They made it quite a point to throb ;
But if he warm'd it on the hob,
Why then they only twitch'd the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth
Had never kill'd him in his youth—
One tooth he had with many fangs,
That shot at once as many pangs,
It had an universal sting ;
One touch of that extatic stump
Could jerk his limbs, and make him jump,
Just like a puppet on a string ;
And what was worse than all, it had
A way of making others bad.
There is, as many know, a knack,
With certain farming undertakers,
And this same tooth pursued their track,
By adding *achers* still to *achers !*

One way there is, that has been judg'd
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth
To pay the fee, and quite begrudg'd
To lose his tooth and money both ;
In fact, a dentist and the wheel
Of Fortune, are a kindred cast,
For after all is drawn, you feel
It's paying for a blank at last ;

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

A SHOOTING TOOTH.

So Hunks went on from week to week,
And kept his torment in his cheek;
Oh! how it sometimes set him rocking,
With that perpetual gnaw—gnaw—gnaw,
His moans and groans, were truly shocking
And loud, altho' he held his jaw.
Many a tug he gave his gum,
And tooth, but still it would not come,
Tho' tied by string, to some firm thing,
He could not draw it, do his best,
By draw'rs,—altho' he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,
He joined a score of mouths in waiting,
Like his, to have their troubles out.
Sad sight it was to look about
At twenty faces making faces,
With many a rampant trick and antic,
For all were very horrid cases,
And made their owners nearly frantic.
A little wicket now and then,
Took one of these unhappy men,
And out again the victim rush'd,
While eyes and mouth together gush'd;
At last arrived our hero's turn,
Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,
And down he sat, prepar'd to learn
How teeth are charm'd to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations,
Alone can guess the sort of ache,
When his old tooth began to break
The thread of old associations;
It touch'd a string in every part,
It had so many tender ties;
One chord seem'd wrenching at his heart,
And two were tugging at his eyes;
" Bone of his bone," he felt of course,
As husbands do in such divorce;
At last the fangs gave way a little,
Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,
And, lo! the cause of all this work,
Went—where it used to send his victual!

The monstrous pain of this proceeding,
Had not so numbed his miser wit,
But in this slip he saw a hit
To save, at least, his purse from bleeding;
So when the dentist sought his fees,
Quoth Hunks, " Let's finish, if you please."
" How, finish! why its out!"—" Oh! no—
'Tis you are out, to argue so;
I'm none of your before-hand tippers,
My tooth is in my head no doubt,
But as you say you pull'd it out,
Of course it's there—between your nippers."
" Zounds! sir, d'ye think I'd sell the truth

To get a fee?—no, wretch, I scorn it."
But Hunks still ask'd to see the tooth,
And swore, by gum! he had not drawn it.

His end obtain'd, he took his leave,
A secret chuckle in his sleeve;
The joke was worthy to produce one,
To think, by favour of his wit,
How well a dentist had been bit
By one old stump, and that a loose one!
The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth
Is still the frailest thing on earth;
Alas! how often when a joke
Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,
There comes some unexpected stroke,
And hangs a weeper on the cuff!

Hunks had not whistled half a mile,
When, planted right against a stile,
There stood his foeman, Mike Mahoney,
A vagrant reaper, Irish-born,
That help'd to reap our miser's corn,
But had not help'd to reap his money,
A fact that Hunks remembered quickly;
His whistle all at once was quell'd,
And when he saw how Michael held
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright,
Would soon have paid the bill at sight,

But misers (let observers watch it)
Will never part with their delight
Till well demanded by a hatchet—
They live hard—and they die to match it.
Thus Hunks, prepar'd for Mike's attacking,
Resolv'd not yet to pay the debt,
But let him take it out in hacking;
However, Mike began to stickle
In words before he used the sickle;
But mercy was not long attendant:
From words at last he took to blows,
And aim'd a cut at Hunk's nose;
That made it what some folks are not—
A member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick
Might still have led, but for a tramper
That came in danger's very nick,
To put Mahoney to the scamper.
But still compassion met a damper;
There lay the sever'd nose, alas!
Beside the daisies on the grass,
" Wee, crimson-tipt" as well as they,
According to the poet's lay;
And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter!
Away ran Hodge to get assistance,
With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,
But somewhat at unusual distance.

In many a little country place
It is a very common case
To have but one residing doctor,
Whose practice rather seems to be
No practice, but a rule of three,
Physician—surgeon—drug-decocter;
Thus Hunks was forc'd to go once more
Where he had ta'en his tooth before.
His mere name made the learned man hot,—
" What! Hunks again within my door!
"I'll pull his nose;" quoth Hunks, "you cannot."

The doctor look'd and saw the case
Plain as the nose *not* on his face.
" O! hum—ha—yes—I understand."
But then arose a long demur,
For not a finger would he stir
Till he was paid his fee in hand;
That matter settled, there they were,
With Hunks well strapp'd upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job—
His tools, a chestfull or a drawfull—
Are always something very awful,
And give the heart the strangest throb;
But never patient in his funks
Look'd half so like a ghost as Hunks,

Or surgeon half so like a devil
Prepar'd for some infernal revel:
His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,
Just like a bolus in a box:
His fury seem'd above controlling,
He bellow'd like a hunted ox:
" Now, swindling wretch, I'll show thee how
We treat such cheating knaves as thou;
Oh! sweet is this revenge to sup:
I have thee by the nose—it's now
My turn—and I will turn it up."

Guess how the miser liked this scurvy
And cruel way of venting passion;
The snubbing folks in this new fashion
Seem'd quite to turn him topsy turvy;
He utter'd pray'rs, and groans, and curses,
For things had often gone amiss
And wrong with him before, but this
Would be the worst of all *reverses!*
In fancy he beheld his snout
Turn'd upward like a pitcher's spout;
There was another grievance yet,
And fancy did not fail to show it,
That he must throw a summerset,
Or stand upon his head to blow it.

And was there then no argument
To change the doctor's vile intent,
And move his pity?—yes, in truth,
And that was—paying for the tooth.
"Zounds! pay for such a stump! I'd rather—"
But here the menace went no farther,
For with his other ways of pinching,
Hunks had a miser's love of snuff,
A recollection strong enough
To cause a very serious flinching;
In short he paid and had the feature
Replac'd as it was meant by nature;
For tho' by this 'twas cold to handle,
(No corpse's could have felt more horrid,)
And white just like an end of candle,
The doctor deem'd and prov'd it too,
That noses from the nose will do
As well as noses from the forehead;
So fix'd by dint of rag and lint,
The part was bandag'd up and muffled.
The chair unfasten'd, Hunks arose,
And shuffled out, for once unshuffled;
And as he went, these words he snuffled—
"Well, this *is* 'paying thro' the nose.'"

THE DECLINE OF MRS. SHAKERLY.

Towards the close of her life, my Aunt Shakerly increased rapidly in bulk: she kept adding growth unto her growth,

> " Giving a sum of more to that which had too much,"

till the result was worthy of a Smithfield premium. It was not the triumph, however, of any systematic diet for the promotion of fat,—(except oyster-eating there is no human system of *stall*-feeding,)—on the contrary, she lived abstemiously, diluting her food with pickle-acids, and keeping frequent fasts in order to reduce her compass; but they failed of this desirable effect. Nature had planned an original tendency in her organization that was not to be overcome:—she would have fattened on sour krout.

My uncle, on the other hand, decreased daily; originally a little man, he became lean, shrunken, wizened. There was a predisposition in his constitution that made him spare, and kept him so:—he would have fallen off even on brewer's grains.

It was the common joke of the neighbourhood to designate my aunt, my uncle, and the infant Shakerly, as, "WHOLESALE, RETAIL, and FOR EXPORTATION;" and, in truth, they were not inapt impersonations of that popular inscription,—my aunt a giantess, my uncle a pigmy, and the child being "carried abroad."

Alas! of the three departments, nothing now remains but the Retail portion—my uncle, a pennyworth, a mere sample.

It is upon record, that Dr. Watts, though a puny man in person, took a fancy, towards his latter days, that he was too large to pass through a door: an error which Death shortly corrected by taking him through his own portal. My unhappy aunt, with more show of reason, indulged in a similar delusion; she conceived herself to have grown inconveniently cumbersome for the small village of ****, and my uncle, to quiet her, removed to the metropolis. There she lived for some months in comparative ease, till at last an unlucky event recalled all her former inquietude. The Elephant of Mr Cross, a good feeder, and with a natural tendency to corpulence, throve so well on his rations, that, becoming too huge for his den, he was obliged to be dispatched. My aunt read the account in the newspapers, and the catastrophe with its cause took possession of her mind. She seemed to herself as that Elephant. An intolerable sense of confinement and oppression haunted her by day and in her dreams. First she had a tightness at her

chest, then in her limbs, then all over; she felt too big for her chair—then for her bed—then for her room—then for the house! To divert her thought my uncle proposed to go to Paris; but she was too huge for a boat—for a barge—for a packet—for a frigate—for a country—for a continent! "She was too big," she said, "for this world—but she was going to one that is boundless."

Nothing could wean her from this belief: her whole talk was of "cumber-grounds:" of the "burthen of the flesh:" and of "infinity." Sometimes her head wandered, and she would then speak of disposing of the "bulk of her personals."

In the mean time her health decayed slowly, but perceptibly: she was dying, the doctor said, by inches.

Now my uncle was a kind husband, and meant tenderly, though it sounded untender: but when the doctor said that she was dying by inches—

"God forbid!" cried my uncle: "consider what a great big creature she is!"

TIM TURPIN.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

TIM TURPIN he was gravel blind,
  And ne'er had seen the skies:
For Nature, when his head was made,
  Forgot to dot his eyes.

So, like a Christmas pedagogue,
  Poor Tim was forc'd to do—
Look out for pupils, for he had
  A vacancy for two.

There's some have specs to help their sight
  Of objects dim and small:
But Tim had *specks* within his eyes,
  And could not see at all.

Now Tim he woo'd a servant-maid,
  And took her to his arms;
For he, like Pyramus, had cast
  A wall-eye on her charms.

By day she led him up and down
  Where'er he wish'd to jog,
A happy wife, altho' she led
  The life of any dog.

But just when Tim had liv'd a month
  In honey with his wife,
A surgeon ope'd his Milton eyes,
  Like oysters, with a knife.

But when his eyes were open'd thus,
  He wish'd them dark again:
For when he look'd upon his wife,
  He saw her very plain.

Her face was bad, her figure worse,
  He could'nt bear to eat:
For she was any thing but like
  A Grace before his meat.

Now Tim he was a feeling man:
  For when his sight was thick,
It made him feel for every thing,—
  But that was with a stick.

So with a cudgel in his hand—
  It was not light or slim—
He knocked at his wife's head until
  It open'd unto him.

And when the corpse was stiff and cold,
He took his slaughter'd spouse,
And laid her in a heap with all,
The ashes of her house.

But like a wicked murderer,
He liv'd in constant fear
From day to day, and so he cut
His throat from ear to ear.

The neighbours fetch'd a doctor in:
Said he, this wound I dread
Can hardly be sow'd up—his life
Is hanging on a thread.

But when another week was gone,
He gave him stronger hope—
Instead of hanging on a thread,
Of hanging on a rope.

Ah! when he hid his bloody work,
In ashes round about,
How little he supposed the truth,
Would soon be sifted out.

But when the parish dustman came,
His rubbish to withdraw,
He found more dust within the heap,
Than he contracted for!

A dozen men to try the fact,
Were sworn that very day;
But tho' they all were jurors, yet
No conjurors were they.

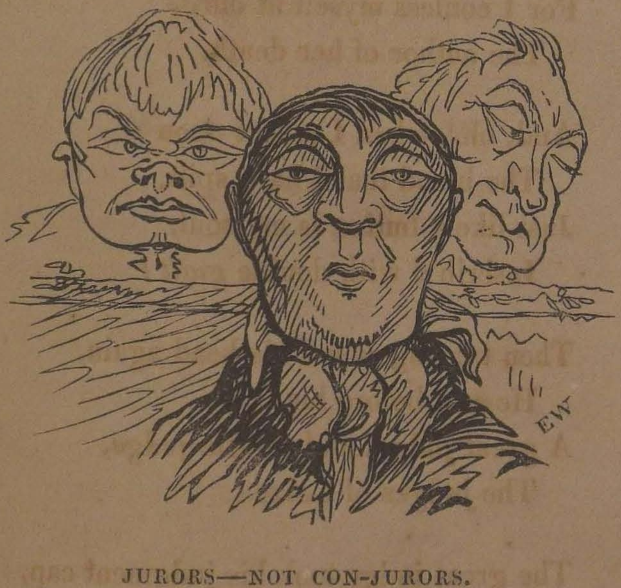
Said Tim unto those jurymen,
You need not waste your breath,
For I confess myself at once,
The author of her death.

And, oh! when I reflect upon
The blood that I have spilt,
Just like a button is my soul,
Inscrib'd with double *guilt!*

Then turning round his head again,
He saw before his eyes,
A great judge, and a little judge,
The judges of a-size!

The great judge took his judgment cap,
And put it on his head,
And sentenc'd Tim by law to hang,
'Till he was three times dead.

So he was tried, and he was hung
(Fit punishment for such)
On Horsham-drop, and none can say
It was a drop too much.



JURORS—NOT CON-JURORS.

THE MONKEY-MARTYR.

A FABLE.

"God help thee, said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will: so I turned about the cage to get to the door."—STERNE.

1.

'TIS strange, what awkward figures and odd capers
Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers;
But there are many shallow politicians,
Who take their bias from bewilder'd journals—
Turn state-physicians,
And make themselves fool's-caps of the diurnals.

2.

One of this kind, not human, but a monky,
Had read himself at last to this sour creed—
That he was nothing but Oppression's flunkey,
And man a tyrant over all his breed.
He could not read
Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,

But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
And nourish'd thoughts that threw him into fevers.
His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,
To sever chains vexatious:
In fact, he thought that all his injured line
Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop 'em
Till they had clear'd a road to Freedom's shrine,—
Unless perchance the turn-pike men should stop 'em.

3.

Full of this rancour,
Pacing one day beside St. Clement Danes,
It came into his brains
To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor;
Where certain solemn sages of the nation
Were at that moment in deliberation
How to relieve the wide world of its chains,
Pluck despots down,
And thereby crown
Whitee- as well as blackee-man-cipation.
Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,
And gazed with pride upon the Liberators;
To see mere coal-heavers
Such perfect Bolivars—
Waiters of inns sublimed to innovators,
And slaters dignified as legislators—

Small publicans demanding (such their high sense
Of liberty) an universal license—
And patten-makers easing Freedom's clogs—
The whole thing seem'd
So fine, he deem'd
The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!

4.

Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,
Walk'd out at last, and turn'd into the Strand,
To the left hand,
Conning some portions of the previous twaddle,
And striding with a step that seem'd design'd
To represent the mighty March of Mind,
Instead of that slow waddle
Of thought, to which our ancestors inclin'd—
No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
He stood in front of that intrusive pile,
Where Cross keeps many a kind
Of bird confin'd,
And free-born animal, in durance vile—
A thought that stirr'd up all the monkey-bile!

5.

The window stood ajar—
It was not far,
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
The hour was verging on the supper-time,

And many a growl was sent through many a bar.
Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
And soon crept in,
Unnotic'd in the din
Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring
With all the harshest notes that they could bring;
For like the Jews,
Wild beasts refuse,
In midst of their captivity—to sing.

6.

Lord! how it made him chafe,
Full of his new emancipating zeal,
To look around upon this brute-bastille,
And see the king of creatures in—a safe!
The desert's denizen in one small den,
Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills—
A bear in bars unbearable. And then
The fretful porcupine, with all its quills
Imprison'd in a pen!
A tiger limited to four feet ten;
And, still worse lot,
A leopard to one spot!
An elephant enlarged,
But not discharged;
(It was before the elephant was shot;)
A doleful wanderow, that wandered not;
An ounce much disproportion'd to his pound.

BRUTE EMANCIPATION.

Pug's wrath wax'd hot
To gaze upon these captive creatures round;
Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

7.

He went above—a solitary mounter
Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
Of hapless fowls—
Cranes, vultures, owls,
In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,
Where feather'd prisoners were doom'd to droop:
Here sat an eagle, forced to make a stoop,
Not from the skies, but his impending roof;
And there aloof,
A pining ostrich, moping in a coop;
With other samples of the bird creation,
All caged against their powers and their wills,
And cramp'd in such a space, the longest bills
Were plainly bills of least accommodation.
In truth, it was a very ugly scene
To fall to any liberator's share,
To see those winged fowls that once had been
Free as the wind, no freer than fix'd air.

8.

His temper little mended,
Pug from this Bird-cage Walk at last descended

Unto the lion and the elephant,
His bosom in a pant
To see all nature's Free List thus suspended,
And beasts deprived of what she had intended.
They could not even prey
In their own way;
A hardship always reckon'd quite prodigious.
Thus he revolved—
And soon resolved
To give them freedom, civil and religious.

9.

That night there were no country cousins, raw
From Wales, to view the lion and his kin:
The keeper's eyes were fix'd upon a saw;
The saw was fix'd upon a bullock's shin:
Meanwhile with stealthy paw,
Pug hasten'd to withdraw
The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
Now, monarch of the forest! thou shalt win
Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone;
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
But loose to roam with liberty and nature;
And free of all the jungles about London—
All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee!
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,
Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
And turn a ranger

Of Hounslow Forest, and the Regent's Park—
Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger,
And gobble parish watchmen after dark:—
Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,
Stealing to Merlin's cave—(*thy* cave.)—Alas,
That such bright visions should not come to pass!
Alas, for freedom, and for freedom's hero!
    Alas, for liberty of life and limb!
For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
    When Nero *bolted him!*

BANDITTI.

Of all the saints in the Calendar, none has suffered less from the Reformation than St. Cecilia, the great patroness of Music. Lofty and lowly are her votaries—many and magnificent are her holiday festivals—and her common service is performing at all hours of the day. She has not only her regular high-priests and priestesses; but, like the Wesleyans, her itinerants and street-missionaries, to make known her worship in the highways and in the byeways. Nor is the homage confined to the people of one creed;—the Protestant exalts her on his barrel-organ—the Catholic with her tambourine—the wandering Jew with his Pan's-pipe and double-drum. The groupe opposite was sketched from a company of these "Strolling Players."

It must be confessed that their service is sometimes of a kind rather to drive angels higher into heaven, than to entice them earthward; and there are certain retired streets—near the Adelphi, for instance—where such half-hourly deductions from the natural quiet of the situation should justly be considered in the rent. Some of the choruses, in truth, are beyond any but a saintly endurance. Conceive a brace of opposition organs, a

BANDITTI.

fife, two hurdy-gurdies, a clarionet, and a quartette of decayed mariners, all clubbing their music in common, on the very principle of Mr. Owen's *New Harmony!*

In the Journal of a recent Traveller through the Papal States, there is an account of an adventure with Neapolitan robbers, that would serve, with very slight alterations, for the description of an encounter with our own banditti.

"To-day, Mrs. Graham and I mounted our horses and rode towards Islington. We had not proceeded far, when we heard sounds as of screaming and groaning, and presently a groupe of men appeared at a turn of the road. It was too certain that we had fallen in with one of these roving bands. Escape was impossible, as they extended across the road. Their leader was the celebrated Flanigan, notorious for his murder of Fair Ellen, and the Bewildered Maid. One of the fellows advanced close up to Mrs. G. and putting his instrument to her ear, threatened to blow out her brains. We gave them what coppers we had, and were allowed to proceed. We were informed by the country-people, that a gentlewoman and her daughter had been detained by them, near the same spot, and robbed of their hearings, with circumstances of great barbarity; Flanigan, in the meantime, standing by with his pipe in his mouth!

"Innumerable other travellers have been stopped and tortured by these wretches, till they gave up their money:

and yet these excesses are winked at by the police. In the meantime, the government does not interfere, in the hope, perhaps, that some day these gangs may be broken up, and separated by discord amongst themselves."

Sometimes to the eye of fancy these wandering minstrels assume another character, and illustrate Collins's Ode on the Passions, in a way that might edify Miss Macauley. First, Fear, a blind harper, lays his bewildered hand amongst the cords, but recoils back at the sound of an approaching carriage. Anger, with starting eye-balls, blows a rude clash on the bugle-horn; and Despair, a snipe-faced wight, beguiles his grief with low sullen sounds on the bassoon. Hope, a consumptive Scot, with golden hair and a clarionet, indulges, like the flatterer herself, in a thousand fantastic flourishes beside the tune—with a lingering quaver at the close; and would quaver longer, but Revenge shakes his matted locks, blows a fresh alarum on his pandeans, and thumps with double heat his double-drum. Dejected Pity at his side, a hunger-bitten urchin, applies to his silver-toned triangle; whilst Jealousy, sad proof of his distracted state, grinds on, in all sorts of time, at his barrel-organ. With eyes upraised, pale Melancholy sings retired and unheeded at the corner of the street; and Mirth,—yonder he is, a brisk little Savoyard, jerking away at the hurdy-gurdy, and dancing himself at the same time, to render his jig-tune more jigging

DEATH'S RAMBLE.

ONE day the dreary old King of Death,
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair,
His body was lean and lank,
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
This goblin of grisly bone?
He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he kill'd
Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughter'd it made him laugh,
(For the man was a coffin-maker,)
To think how the mutes, and men in black suits,
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church,
  Quoth he, "we shall not differ."
And he let them alone, like figures of stone,
  For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,
  In fear they could not smother;
And he shot one through at once—for he knew
  They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,
  And he gave a snore infernal;
Said Death, "he may keep his breath, for his sleep
  Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach
  So slow, that his fare grew sick;
But he let him stray on his tedious way,
  For Death only wars on the *quick*.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,
  In the spirit of his fraternity;
But he knew that sort of man would extort,
  Though summon'd to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,
  But he let him write no further;
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,
  Is jealous of all self-murther!

"DUST O!"

Death saw a patient that pull'd out his purse,
And a doctor that took the sum;
But he let them be—for he knew the "fee"
Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,
And he gave him a mortal thrust;
For himself, by law, since Adam's flaw,
Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,
And he marked him out for slaughter;
For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,
And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,
But the game wasn't worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
To wait for the final trump!

CRANIOLOGY.

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,
Man—with his bumps upon his sconce,
Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
Has had, till lately, of Phrenology—
A science that by simple dint of
Head-combing, he should find a hint of,
When scratching o'er those little pole-hills,
The faculties throw up like mole-hills;—
A science that, in very spite
Of all his teeth, ne'er came to light,
For tho' he knew his skull had *grinders*,
Still there turn'd up no *organ* finders,
Still sages wrote, and ages fled,
And no man's head came in his head—
Not even the pate of Erra Pater,
Knew ought about its pia mater.
At last great Dr. Gall bestirs him—
I don't know but it might be Spurzheim—
Tho' native of a dull and slow land,
And makes partition of our Poll-land;

CRANE-IOLOGY.

At our Acquisitiveness guesses,
And all those necessary *nesses*
Indicative of human habits,
All burrowing in the head like rabbits.
Thus Veneration, he made known,
Had got a lodging at the Crown:
And Music (see Deville's example)
A set of chambers in the Temple:
That Language taught the tongues close by,
And took in pupils thro' the eye,
Close by his neighbour Computation,
Who taught the eyebrows numeration.

The science thus—to speak in fit
Terms—having struggled from its nit,
Was seiz'd on by a swarm of Scotchmen,
Those scientifical hotch-potch men
Who have at least a penny dip
And wallop in all doctorship,
Just as in making broth they smatter
By bobbing twenty things in water:
These men, I say, made quick appliance
And close, to phrenologic science;
For of all learned themes whatever,
That schools and colleges deliver,
There's none they love so near the bodles,
As analyzing their own noddles;

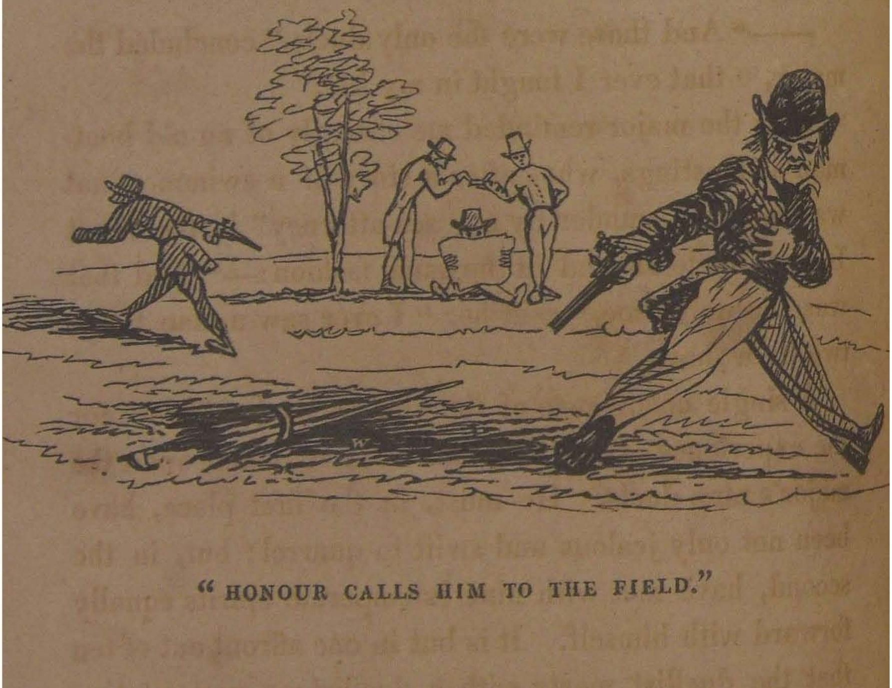
Thus in a trice each northern blockhead
Had got his fingers in his shock head,
And of his bumps was babbling yet worse
Than poor Miss Capulet's dry wet-nurse ;
Till having been sufficient rangers
Of their own heads, they took to strangers',
And found in Presbyterians' polls
The things they hated in their souls ;
For Presbyterians hear with passion
Of organs join'd with veneration.
No kind there was of human pumpkin
But at its bumps it had a bumpkin ;
Down to the very lowest gullion,
And oiliest scull of oily scullion.
No great man died but this they *did* do,
They begged his cranium of his widow:
No murderer died by law disaster,
But they took off his sconce in plaster ;
For thereon they could show depending,
" The head and front of his offending,"
How that his philanthropic bump
Was master'd by a baser lump ;
For every bump (these wags insist)
Has its direct antagonist,
Each striving stoutly to prevail,
Like horses knotted tail to tail ;
And many a stiff and sturdy battle
Occurs between these adverse cattle:

The secret cause, beyond all question,
Of aches ascrib'd to indigestion,
Whereas 'tis but two knobby rivals
Tugging together like sheer devils,
Till one gets mastery good or sinister,
And comes in like a new prime-minister.

Each bias in some master node is:—
What takes M'Adam where a road is,
To hammer little pebbles less?
His organ of Destructiveness.
What makes great Joseph so encumber
Debate? a lumping lump of Number:
Or Malthus rail at babies so?
The smallness of his Philopro—
What severs man and wife? a simple
Defect of the Adhesive pimple:
Or makes weak women go astray?
Their bumps are more in fault than they.

These facts being found and set in order
By grave M.D.s beyond the Border,
To make them for some few months eternal,
Were enter'd monthly in a journal,
That many a northern sage still writes in,
And throws his little Northern Lights in,
And proves and proves about the phrenos,
A great deal more than I or he knows.

How Music suffers, *par exemple,*
By wearing tight hats round the temple:
What ills great boxers have to fear
From blisters put behind the ear:
And how a porter's Veneration
Is hurt by porter's occupation:
Whether shillelaghs in reality
May deaden Individuality:
Or tongs and poker be creative
Of alterations in th' Amative:
If falls from scaffolds make us less
Inclin'd to all Constructiveness;
With more such matters, all applying
To heads—and therefore *head*ifying.



"HONOUR CALLS HIM TO THE FIELD."

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

——"And those were the only duels," concluded the major, "that ever I fought in my life."

Now the major reminded me strongly of an old boatman at Hastings, who, after a story of a swimmer that was snapped asunder by a "sea-attorney" in the West Indies, made an end in the same fashion:—"And that was the only time," said he, "I ever saw a man bit in two by a shark."

A single occurrence of the kind seemed sufficient for the experience of one life; and so I reasoned upon the major's nine duels. He must, in the first place, have been not only jealous and swift to quarrel; but, in the second, have met with nine intemperate spirits equally forward with himself. It is but in one affront out of ten that the duellist meets with a duellist: a computation assigning ninety mortal disagreements to his single share; whereas I, with equal irritability and as much courage perhaps, had never exchanged a card in my life. The subject occupied me all the walk homeward through the meadows:—"To get involved in nine duels," said I: "'tis quite improbable!"

As I thought thus, I had thrust my body halfway under a rough bar that was doing duty for a stile at one end of a field. It was just too high to climb comfortably, and just low enough to be inconvenient to duck under; but I chose the latter mode, and began to creep through with the deliberateness consistent with doubtful and intricate speculation. "To get involved in nine duels—here my back hitched a little at the bar—'tis quite impossible."

I am persuaded that there is a spirit of mischief afoot in the world—some malignant fiend to seize upon and direct these accidents; for just at this nick, whilst I was boggling below the bar, there came up another passenger by the same path: so seeing how matters stood, he made an attempt at once to throw his leg over the impediment; but mistaking the altitude by a few inches, he kicked me—where I had never been kicked before.

"By Heaven! this is too bad," said I, staggering through head foremost from the concussion: my back was up, in every sense, in a second.

The stranger apologised in the politest terms,—but with such an intolerable chuckle, with such a provoking grin lurking about his face, that I felt fury enough, like Beatrice, to "eat his heart in the market-place." In short, in two little minutes, from venting my conviction upon duelling, I found myself engaged to a meeting for the vindication of my honour.

There is a vivid description in the History of Robin-

son Crusoe, of the horror of the solitary Mariner at finding the mark of a foot in the sandy beach of his Desart Island. That abominable token, in a place that he fancied was sacred to himself—in a part, he made sure, never trodden by the sole of man—haunted him wherever he went. So did mine. I bore about with me the same ideal imprint—to be washed out, not by the ocean-brine, but with blood!

As I walked homeward after this adventure, and reflected on my former opinions, I felt that I had done the gallant major an injustice. It seemed likely that a man of his profession might be called out even to the ninth time—nay, that men of the peaceful cloth might, on a chance, be obliged to have recourse to mortal combat,——

As for Gentlemen *at the Bar*, I have shown how they may get into an Affair of Honour in a twinkling.

A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."
ROGERS.

COME, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little Oblivion's veil;
Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclin'd to his tail.

Aye, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise!
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes!"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,
On a dimity lap of true nursery make!
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving them in!

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—
But no grief was allow'd to indulge in its note;
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
Thro' the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce?
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same?
Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
"Head or tails" with a child, an unpleasantish game!

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin, indeed,
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight;
Why should weeks have an end?—I am sure there was need
Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday-night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?
Have you ever felt huckaback soften'd with sand?
Had you ever your nose towell'd up to a snub,
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

Then a school-boy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—
But how well I remember that "pepper-and-salt"
That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
Whilst I told of the chief that was kill'd by my stroke,
And extended *my* arms as "the arms that he wore!"

Next a Lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love?
With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot!
Have you bow'd to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove?
Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men?
When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

I am wither'd and worn by a premature care,
And my wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

THERE'S some is born with their straight legs by natur—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have grow'd a good deal straighter,
        But they were badly nurs'd,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
        Astride of casks and kegs:
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
        And starboard,
And this is what it was that warp'd my legs.—

'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip;
        But on the tenth of May,
        When I gets under weigh,
Down there in Hartfordshire, to join my ship,
        I sees the mail
        Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip.
        Well—I gives chase,
        But as she run
        Two knots to one,
There war'nt no use in keeping on the race!

Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
        And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
        Beats round the gable,
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable:
Well—there they stand, four kickers in a row,
        And so
I just makes free to cut a brown'un's cable.
But riding is'nt in a seaman's natur—
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter
        To splice me, heel to heel,
        Under the she-mare's keel,
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn!

        My eyes! how she did pitch!
And would'nt keep her own to go in no line,
Tho' I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
But always making lee-way to the ditch,
And yaw'd her head about all sorts of ways.
        The devil sink the craft!
And was'nt she trimendus slack in stays!
We could'nt, no how, keep the inn abaft!
        Well—I suppose
We had'nt run a knot—or much beyond—
(What will you have on it?)—but off she goes,
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!

There I am!—all a-back!
So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
To heave her head round on the t'other tack;
But when I starts,
The leather parts,
And goes away right over by the ears!

What could a fellow do,
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
But trim himself upright for bringing-to,
And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,
In rig all snug and clever,
Just while his craft was taking in her water?
I did'nt like my burth tho', howsomdever,
Because the yarn, you see, kept getting taughter,—
Says I—I wish this job was rayther shorter!

The chase had gain'd a mile
A-head, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking:
Now, all the while
Her body did'nt take of course to shrinking.
Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking—
And so she swell'd, and swell'd,
And yet the tackle held,
'Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!
And there's my timbers straining every bit,
Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder!

Well, there—off Hartford Ness,
We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd together,
And can't contrive a signal of distress;
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
Tho' sick of riding out—and nothing less;
When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn:—
Hollo! says I, come underneath her quarter!—
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
And leaves the she-mare to her own concarn,
A-standing by the water.
If I get on another, I'll be blow'd!—
And that's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd!

"NOTHING BUT HEARTS!"

It must have been the lot of every whist-player to observe a phenomenon at the card-table as mysterious as any in nature—I mean the constant recurrence of a certain trump throughout the night—a run upon a particular suit, that sets all the calculations of Hoyle and Cocker at defiance. The chance of turning-up is equal to the Four Denominations. They should alternate with each other, on the average—whereas a Heart, perhaps, shall be the last card of every deal. King or Queen, Ace or Deuce,—still it is of the same clan. You cut—and it comes again. "Nothing but Hearts!"

The figure over-leaf might be fancied to embody this kind of occurrence; and, in truth, it was designed to commemorate an evening dedicated to the same red suit. I had looked in by chance at the Royal Institution: a Mr. Professor Pattison, of New York, I believe, was lecturing, and the subject was—"Nothing but Hearts!"

Some hundreds of grave, curious, or scientific personages were ranged on the benches of the Theatre;—every one in his solemn black. On a table in front of the Professor, stood the specimens: hearts of all shapes and sizes—man's, woman's, sheep's, bullock's,—on platters or in cloths, were lying about as familiar as household wares. Drawings of hearts, in black or blood-red, (dismal valentines!) hung around the fearful walls. Preparations of the organ in wax, or bottled, passed recurrently from hand to hand, from eye to eye, and returned to the gloomy table. It was like some solemn Egyptian Inquisition--a looking into dead men's hearts for their morals.

The Professor began. Each after each he displayed the samples; the words "auricle" and "ventricle" falling frequently on the ear, as he explained how those "solemn organs" pump in the human breast. He showed, by experiments with water, the operation of the valves with the blood, and the impossibility of its revulsion. As he spoke, an indescribable thrilling or tremor crept over my left breast—thence down my side—and all over. I felt an awful consciousness of the bodily presence of my heart, till then nothing more than it is in song—a mere metaphor—so imperceptible are all the grand vital workings of the human frame! Now I felt the organ distinctly. There it was!—a fleshy core—aye, like *that* on the Professor's plate—throbbing away, auricle, and ventricle, the valve allowing the gushing

blood at so many gallons per minute, and ever prohibiting its return!

The Professor proceeded to enlarge on the important office of the great functionary, and the vital engine seemed to dilate within me, in proportion to the sense of its stupendous responsibility. I seemed nothing but auricle, and ventricle, and valve. I had no breath, but only pulsations. Those who have been present at anatomical discussions can alone corroborate this feeling—how the part discoursed of, by a surpassing sympathy and sensibility, causes its counterpart to become prominent and all-engrossing to the sense; how a lecture on hearts makes a man seem to himself as all heart; or one on heads causes a Phrenologist to conceive he is "all brain."

Thus was I absorbed:—my "bosom's lord," lording over every thing beside. By and bye, in lieu of one solitary machine, I saw before me a congregation of hundreds of human forcing pumps, all awfully working together—the palpitations of hundreds of auricles and ventricles, the flapping of hundreds of valves! And anon they collapsed—mine—the Professor's—those on the benches—all! all!—into one great auricle—one great ventricle—one vast universal heart!

The lecture ended.—I took up my hat and walked out, but the discourse haunted me. I was full of the subject. A kind of fluttering, which was not to be cured even by the fresh air, gave me plainly to under-

stand that my heart was not "in the Highlands,"—nor in any lady's keeping—but where it ought to be, in my own bosom, and as hard at work as a parish-pump. I plainly felt the blood—like the carriages on a birth-night—coming in by the auricle, and going out by the ventricle; and shuddered to fancy what must ensue either way, from any "breaking the line." Then occurred to me the danger of little particles absorbed in the blood, and accumulating to a stoppage at the valve,—the "pumps getting choked,"—a suggestion that made me feel rather qualmish, and for relief I made a call on Mrs. W——. The visit was ill-chosen and mistimed, for the lady in question, by dint of good-nature, and a romantic turn—principally estimated by her young and female acquaintance—had acquired the reputation of being "all heart." The phrase had often provoked my mirth,—but, alas! the description was now over true. Whether nature had formed her in that mould, or my own distempered fancy, I know not—but there she sate, and looked the Professor's lecture over again. She was like one of those games alluded to in my beginning—"Nothing but Hearts!" Her nose turned up. It was a heart—and her mouth led a trump. Her face gave a heart—and her cap followed suit. Her sleeves puckered and plumped themselves into a heart-shape—and so did her body. Her pincushion was a heart—the very back of her chair was a heart—her bosom was a heart. She was "all heart" indeed!

"SHE IS ALL HEART."

JACK HALL.

'Tis very hard when men forsake
This melancholy world, and make
A bed of turf, they cannot take
A quiet doze,
But certain rogues will come and break
Their " bone repose."

'Tis hard we can't give up our breath,
And to the earth our earth bequeath,
Without Death Fetches after death,
Who thus exhume us;
And snatch us from our homes beneath,
And hearths posthumous.

The tender lover comes to rear
The mournful urn, and shed his tear—
Her glorious dust, he cries, is here!
Alack! alack!
The while his Sacharissa dear
Is in a sack!

'Tis hard one cannot lie amid
The mould, beneath a coffin-lid,
But thus the Faculty will bid
    Their rogues break thro' it!
If they don't want us there, why did
    They send us to it?

One of these sacrilegious knaves,
Who crave as hungry vulture craves,
Behaving as the goul behaves,
    'Neath church-yard wall—
Mayhap because he fed on graves,
    Was nam'd Jack Hall.

By day it was his trade to go
Tending the black coach to and fro;
And sometimes at the door of woe,
    With emblems suitable,
He stood with brother Mute, to show
    That life is mutable.

But long before they pass'd the ferry,
The dead that he had help'd to bury,
He sack'd—(he had a sack to carry
    The bodies off in.)
In fact, he let them have a very
    Short fit of coffin.

Night after night, with crow and spade,
He drove this dead but thriving trade,
Meanwhile his conscience never weigh'd
A single horsehair;
On corses of all kinds he prey'd,
A perfect corsair!

At last—it may be, Death took spite,
Or jesting only meant to fright—
He sought for Jack night after night
The churchyards round;
And soon they met, the man and sprite,
In Pancras' ground.

Jack, by the glimpses of the moon,
Perceiv'd the bony knacker soon,
An awful shape to meet at noon
Of night and lonely;
But Jack's tough courage did but swoon
A minute only.

Anon he gave his spade a swing
Aloft, and kept it brandishing,
Ready for what mishaps might spring
From this conjunction;
Funking indeed was quite a thing
Beside his function.

"Hollo!" cried Death, "d'ye wish your sands
Run out? the stoutest never stands
A chance with me,—to my commands
The strongest truckles;
But I'm your friend—so let's shake hands,
I should say—knuckles."

Jack, glad to see th' old sprite so sprightly,
And meaning nothing but uprightly,
Shook hands at once, and, bowing slightly,
His mull did proffer:
But Death, who had no nose, politely
Declin'd the offer.

Then sitting down upon a bank,
Leg over leg, shank over shank,
Like friends for conversation frank,
That had no check on:
Quoth Jack unto the Lean and Lank,
"You're Death, I reckon."

The Jaw-bone grinn'd:—"I am that same,
You've hit exactly on my name;
In truth it has some little fame
Where burial sod is."
Quoth Jack, (and wink'd,) "of course ye came
Here after bodies."

Death grinn'd again and shook his head:—
"I've little business with the dead;
When they are fairly sent to bed
I've done my turn;
Whether or not the worms are fed
Is your concern.

"My errand here, in meeting you,
Is nothing but a 'how-d'ye-do;'
I've done what jobs I had—a few
Along this way;
If I can serve a crony too,
I beg you'll say."

Quoth Jack, "Your Honour's very kind:
And now I call the thing to mind,
This parish very strict I find;
But in the next 'un
There lives a very well-inclin'd
Old sort of sexton."

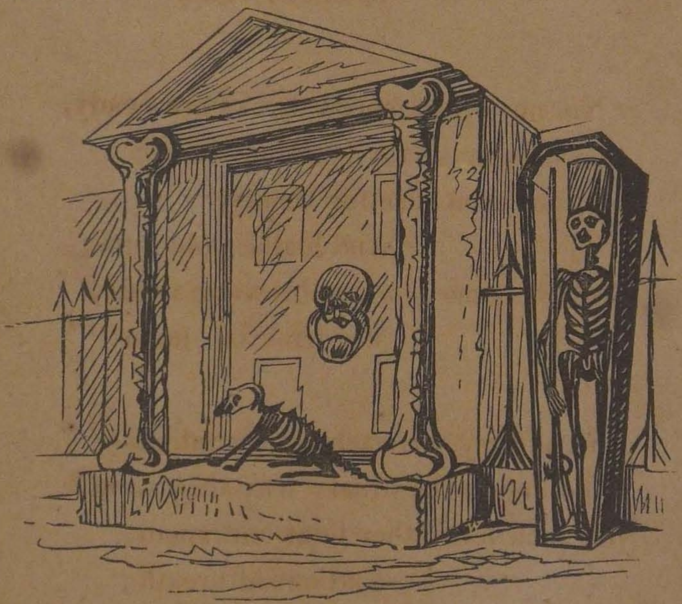
Death took the hint, and gave a wink
As well as eyelet holes can blink;
Then stretching out his arm to link
The other's arm,—
"Suppose," says he, "we have a drink
Of something warm."

Jack nothing loth, with friendly ease
Spoke up at once :—" Why, what ye please;
Hard by there is the Cheshire Cheese,
A famous tap."
But this suggestion seem'd to teaze
The bony chap.

" No, no—your mortal drinks are heady,
And only make my hand unsteady;
I do not even care for Deady,
And loathe your rum;
But I've some glorious brewage ready,
My drink is—mum!"

And off they set, each right content—
Who knows the dreary way they went?
But Jack felt rather faint and spent,
And out of breath;
At last he saw, quite evident,
The door of Death.

All other men had been unmann'd
To see a coffin on each hand,
That served a skeleton to stand
By way of sentry;
In fact, Death has a very grand
And awful entry.



DEATH'S DOOR.

Throughout his dismal sign prevails,
His name is writ in coffin nails,
The mortal darts make area rails;
                    A scull that mocketh,
Grins on the gloomy gate, and quails
                    Whoever knocketh.

And lo! on either side, arise
Two monstrous pillars—bones of thighs;
A monumental slab supplies
                    The step of stone,
Where waiting for his master lies
                    A dog of bone.

The dog leapt up, but gave no yell,
The wire was pull'd, but woke no bell,
The ghastly knocker rose and fell,
                    But caused no riot;
The ways of Death, we all know well,
                    Are very quiet.

Old Bones stept in; Jack stepp'd behind.
Quoth Death, "I really hope you'll find
The entertainment to your mind,
                    As I shall treat ye—
A friend or two of goblin kind,
                    I've asked to meet ye."

And lo! a crowd of spectres tall,
Like jack-a-lanterns on a wall,
Were standing—every ghastly ball
An eager watcher.
"My friends," says Death—"friends, Mr. Hall,
The body-snatcher."

Lord, what a tumult it produc'd,
When Mr. Hall was introduced!
Jack even, who had long been used
To frightful things,
Felt just as if his back was sluic'd
With freezing springs!

Each goblin face began to make
Some horrid mouth—ape—gorgon—snake;
And then a spectre-hag would shake
An airy thigh-bone;
And cried, (or seem'd to cry,) I'll break
Your bone, with *my* bone!

Some ground their teeth—some seem'd to spit—
(Nothing, but nothing came of it,)
A hundred awful brows were knit
In dreadful spite.
Thought Jack—I'm sure I'd better quit,
Without good night.

One skip and hop and he was clear,
And running like a hunted deer,
As fleet as people run by fear
Well spurr'd and whipp'd,
Death, ghosts, and all in that career
Were quite outstripp'd.

But those who live by death must die;
Jack's soul at last prepar'd to fly;
And when his latter end drew nigh,
Oh! what a swarm
Of doctors came,—but not to try
To keep him warm.

No ravens ever scented prey
So early where a dead horse lay,
Nor vultures sniff'd so far away
A last convulse;
A dozen "guests" day after day
Were "at his pulse."

'Twas strange, altho' they got no fees,
How still they watch'd by twos and threes:
But Jack a very little ease
Obtain'd from them;
In fact he did not find M. D.s
Worth one D—M.

The passing bell with hollow toll
Was in his thought—the dreary hole!
Jack gave his eyes a horrid roll,
And then a cough:—
" There's something weighing on my soul
I wish was off;

" All night it roves about my brains,
All day it adds to all my pains,
It is concerning my remains
When I am dead;"
Twelve wigs and twelve gold-headed canes
Drew near his bed.

" Alas!" he sighed, "I'm sore afraid,
A dozen pangs my heart invade;
But when I drove a certain trade
In flesh and bone,
There was a little bargain made
About my own."

Twelve suits of black began to close,
Twelve pair of sleek and sable hose,
Twelve flowing cambric frills in rows,
At once drew round;
Twelve noses turn'd against his nose,
Twelve snubs profound.

"Ten guineas did not quite suffice,
And so I sold my body twice;
Twice did not do—I sold it thrice,
Forgive my crimes!
In short I have received its price
A dozen times!

Twelve brows got very grim and black,
Twelve wishes stretch'd him on the rack,
Twelve pair of hands for fierce attack
Took up position,
Ready to share the dying Jack
By long division.

Twelve angry doctors wrangled so,
That twelve had struck an hour ago,
Before they had an eye to throw
On the departed;
Twelve heads turn'd round at once, and lo!
Twelve doctors started.

Whether some comrade of the dead,
Or Satan took it in his head
To steal the corpse—the corpse had fled!
'Tis only written,
That "*there was nothing in the bed,*
But twelve were bitten!"

THE WEE MAN.

A ROMANCE.

It was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo! a man of dwarfish span,
Came up and hail'd the boat.

"Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
And will you let me in?—
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin."

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
And very small and thin;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they took him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat,
With such a narrow brim;
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat,
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
  When, gravely, one and all,
At once began to think the man
  Was not so very small.

His coat had got a broader skirt,
  His hat a broader brim,
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out
  A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,
  More rough the billows grew,—
And rose and fell, a greater swell,
  And he was swelling too!

And lo! where room had been for seven,
  For six there scarce was space!
For five!—for four!—for three!—not more
  Than two could find a place!

There was not even room for one!
  They crowded by degrees—
Aye—closer yet, till elbows met,
  And knees were jogging knees.

"Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,
  The wave will else come in!"
Without a word he gravely stirr'd,
  Another seat to win.

"Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
You must not sit a-lee!"
With smiling face, and courteous grace,
The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbour wight, to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.

Lord! how they chided with themselves,
That they had let him in;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dew-drop stood,
They grew so scared and hot,—
"I' the name of all that's great and tall,
Who are ye, sir, and what?"

Loud laugh'd the Gogmagog, a laugh
As loud as giant's roar—
"When first I came, my proper name
Was Little—now I'm *Moore!*"

A HARD ROW.

"WHOLESALE—RETAIL—AND FOR EXPORTATION."

THE JUDGES OF A-SIZE.

PYTHAGOREAN FANCIES.

Of all creeds—after the Christian—I incline most to the Pythagorean. I like the notion of inhabiting the body of a bird. It is the next thing to being a cherub—at least, according to the popular image of a boy's head and wings; a fancy that savours strangely of the Pythagorean.

I think nobly of the soul with Malvolio, but not so meanly, as he does by implication, of a bird-body. What disparagement would it seem to shuffle off a crippled, palsied, languid, bed-ridden carcase, and find yourself floating above the world—in a flood of sunshine—under the feathers of a Royal Eagle of the Andes?

For a beast-body I have less relish—and yet how many men are there who seem predestined to such an occupancy, being in this life even more than semi-brutal! How many human faces that at least countenance, if they do not confirm this part of the Brahminical Doctrine! What apes, foxes, pigs, curs, and cats, walk

our metropolis—to say nothing of him shambling along Carnaby or Whitechapel—

A BUTCHER!

Whoe'er has gone thro' London Street,
Has seen a Butcher gazing at his meat,
And how he keeps
Gloating upon a sheep's
Or bullock's personals, as if his own;
How he admires his halves
And quarters—and his calves,
As if in truth upon his own legs grown;—
His fat! *his* suet!
His kidneys peeping elegantly thro' it!
His thick flank!
And *his* thin!
His shank!
His shin!
Skin of his skin, and bone too of his bone!

With what an air
He stands aloof, across the thoroughfare
Gazing—and will not let a body by,
Tho' buy! buy! buy! be constantly his cry;
Meanwhile with arms a-kimbo, and a pair
Of Rhodian legs he revels in a stare,
At his Joint Stock—for one may call it so,
Howbeit, without a *Co.*

COMPARATIVE PHYSIOLOGY.

The dotage of self-love was never fonder
Than he, of his brute-bodies all a-row;
Narcissus in the wave did never ponder
With love so strong,
On his "portrait charmant,"
As our vain Butcher on his carcase yonder.

Look at his sleek round skull!
How bright his cheek, how rubicund his nose is!
His visage seems to be
Ripe for beef-tea;
Of brutal juices the whole man is full—
In fact, fulfilling the metempsychosis,
The Butcher is already half a Bull.

Surpassing the Butcher, in his approximation to the brute, behold yon vagrant Hassan—a wandering camel-driver and exhibitor, parading, for a few pence, the creature's outlandish hump, yet burthened himself with a bunch of flesh between the shoulders. For the sake of the implicit moral merely, or as an illustration of comparative physiology, the show is valuable; but as an example of the Pythagorean dispensation, it is above appraisement. The retributive metamorphosis has commenced—the Beast has set its seal upon the Human Form—a little further, and he will be ready for a halter and a show-man.

As there are instances of men thus transmuting into

the brute; so there are brutes, that by peculiar human manners and resemblance seem to hint at a former and a better condition. The ouran-outang, and the monkey, notoriously claim this relationship—and there are other tribes, and in particular some which use the erect posture, that are apt to provoke such Pythagorean associations. For example:—I could never read of the great William Penn's interview with the American savages, or look on the painting commemorative of that event, without dreaming that I had seen it acted over again at the meeting of a tribe of Kangaroos and a Penguin. The Kangaroos, sharp-sighted, vigilant, cunning, wild, swift, and active, as the Indians themselves;—the Penguin, very sleek, guiltless of arms, very taciturn, very sedate, except when jumping; upright in its conduct—a perfect Quaker. It confirmed me, in this last fancy, to read of the conduct of these gentle birds when assaulted, formerly, with long poles, by the seamen of Captain Cook—buffetings which the Penguins took quietly on either cheek, or side of the head, and died as meekly and passively as the primitive Martyrs of the Sect!

It is difficult to say to what excesses the desire of fresh victual, after long salt junketting, may drive a mariner; for my own part, I could not have handled a pole in that persecution, without strong Pythagorean misgivings.

There is a Juvenile Poem,—"The Notorious Glutton," by Miss Taylor, of Ongar, in which a duck falls sick

THE LAST VISIT.

and dies in a very human-like way. I could never eat duck for some time after the perusal of those verses;—it seemed as if in reality the soul of my grandam might inhabit such a bird. In mere tenderness to past womanhood, I could never lay the death-scene elsewhere than in a lady's chamber—with the body of the invalid propped up by comfortable pillows on a nursery chair. The sick attendant seemed one that had relished drams aforetime—had been pompously officious at human dissolutions, and would announce that "all was over!" with the same flapping of paws and duck-like inflections of tone. As for the physician, he was an Ex-Quack of our own kind, just called in from the pond—a sort of Man-Drake, and formerly a brother by nature, as now by name, of the Author of "Winter Nights."

"DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE?"

Run!—run for St. Clements's engine!
  For the Pawnbroker's all in a blaze,
And the pledges are frying and singing—
  Oh! how the poor pawners will craze!
Now where can the turncock be drinking?
  Was there ever so thirsty an elf?—
But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking
  That the plugs are as dry as himself.

The engines!—I hear them come rumbling;
  There's the Phœnix! the Globe! and the Sun!
What a row there will be, and a grumbling,
  When the water don't start for a run!
See! there they come racing and tearing,
  All the street with loud voices is fill'd;
Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearing
  At a man they've run over and kill'd!

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,
  And twinkle like stars in the sky;
It's a wonder the engines don't play now,
  But I never saw water so shy!
Why there isn't enough for a snipe,
  And the fire it is fiercer, alas!
Oh! instead of the New River pipe,
  They have gone—that they have—to the gas!

Only look at the poor little P——'s
  On the roof—is there any thing sadder?
My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,
  And they won't be an hour with the ladder!
But if any one's hot in their feet,
  And in very great haste to be sav'd,
Here's a nice easy bit in the street,
  That M'Adam has lately unpav'd!

There is some one—I see a dark shape
  At that window, the hottest of all,—
My good woman, why don't you escape?
  Never think of your bonnet and shawl:
If your dress is'nt perfect, what is it
  For once in a way to your hurt?
When your husband is paying a visit
  There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt!

Only see how she throws out her *chaney!*
  Her basons, and teapots, and all
The most brittle of *her* goods—or any,
  But they all break in breaking their fall:
Such things are not surely the best
  From a two-story window to throw—
She might save a good iron-bound chest,
  For there's plenty of people below!

O dear! what a beautiful flash!
  How it shone thro' the window and door;
We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,
  When the woman falls thro' with the floor!
There! there! what a volley of flame,
  And then suddenly all is obscur'd!—
Well—I'm glad in my heart that I came;—
  But I hope the poor man is insur'd!

" DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE?"

THE VOLUNTEER.

"The clashing of my armour in my ears
Sounds like a passing bell; my buckler puts me
In mind of bier; this, my broadsword, a pickaxe
To dig my grave."

THE LOVER'S PROGRESS.

'TWAS in that memorable year
France threaten'd to put off in
Flat-bottom'd boats, intending each
To be a British coffin,
To make sad widows of our wives,
And every babe an orphan;—

When coats were made of scarlet cloaks,
And heads were dredg'd with flour,
I listed in the Lawyer's Corps,
Against the battle hour;
A perfect Volunteer—for why?
I brought my "will and pow'r."

One dreary day—a day of dread,
Like Cato's, over-cast—
About the hour of six, (the morn
And I were breaking fast,)
There came a loud and sudden sound,
That struck me all aghast!

A dismal sort of morning roll,
That was not to be eaten;
Although it was no skin of mine,
But parchment that was beaten,
I felt tattooed through all my flesh,
Like any Otaheitan.

My jaws with utter dread enclos'd
The morsel I was munching,
And terror lock'd them up so tight,
My very teeth went crunching
All through my bread and tongue at once,
Like sandwich made at lunching.

My hand that held the tea-pot fast,
Stiffen'd, but yet unsteady,
Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er
The cup in one long eddy,
Till both my hose were mark'd with *tea*,
As they were mark'd already.

I felt my visage turn from red
To white—from cold to hot;
But it was nothing wonderful
My colour changed, I wot,
For, like some variable silks,
I felt that I was shot.

And looking forth with anxious eye,
From my snug upper story,
I saw our melancholy corps,
Going to beds all gory;
The pioneers seem'd very loth
To axe their way to glory.

The captain march'd as mourners march,
The ensign too seem'd flagging,
And many more, although they were
No ensigns, took to flagging—
Like corpses in the Serpentine,
Methought they wanted dragging.

But while I watch'd, the thought of death
Came like a chilly gust,
And lo! I shut the window down,
With very little lust
To join so many marching men,
That soon might be March dust.

Quoth I, "since Fate ordains it so,
Our foe the coast must land on ;"—
I felt so warm beside the fire
I cared not to abandon ;
Our hearths and homes are always things
That patriots make a stand on.

"The fools that fight abroad for home,"
Thought I, "may get a wrong one ;
Let those that have no homes at all,
Go battle for a long one."
The mirror here confirm'd me this
Reflection, by a strong one.

For there, where I was wont to shave,
And deck me like Adonis,
There stood the leader of our foes,
With vultures for his cronies—
No Corsican, but Death himself,
The Bony of all Bonies.

A horrid sight it was, and sad
To see the grisly chap
Put on my crimson livery,
And then begin to clap
My helmet on—ah me! it felt
Like any felon's cap.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

My plume seem'd borrow'd from a hearse,
An undertaker's crest;
My epaulettes like coffin-plates;
My belt so heavy press'd,
Four pipeclay cross-roads seem'd to lie
At once upon my breast.

My brazen breast-plate only lack'd
A little heap of salt,
To make me like a corpse full dress'd,
Preparing for the vault—
To set up what the Poet calls
My everlasting halt.

This funeral show inclin'd me quite
To peace:—and here I am!
Whilst better lions go to war,
Enjoying with the lamb
A lengthen'd life, that might have been
A martial epigram.

A MARRIAGE PROCESSION.

It has never been my lot to marry—whatever I may have written of one Honoria to the contrary. My affair with that lady never reached beyond a very embarrassing declaration, in return for which she breathed into my dull deaf ear an inaudible answer. It was beyond my slender assurance, in those days, to ask for a repetition, whether of acceptance or denial.

One chance for explanation still remained. I wrote to her mother, to bespeak her sanction to our union' and received, by return of post, a scrawl, that, for aught I knew, might be in Sanscrit. I question whether, even at this time, my intolerable bashfulness would suffer me to press such a matter any farther.

My thoughts of matrimony are now confined to occasional day-dreams, originating in some stray glimpse in the Prayer Book, or the receipt of bride-cake. It was on some such occurrence that I fell once, Bunyan like, into an allegory of a wedding.

My fancies took the order of a procession. With flaunting banners it wound its Alexandrine way—in

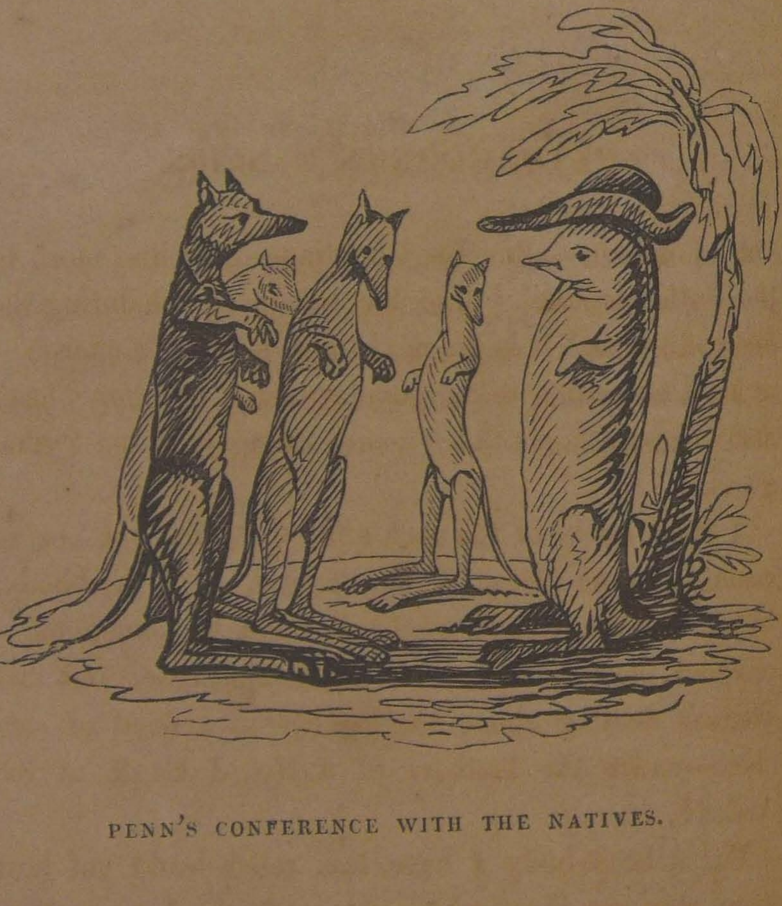
JOINERS.

BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID.

the manner of some of Martin's painted pageants—to a taper spire in the distance. And first, like a band of livery, came the honourable company of Match-Makers, all mature spinsters and matrons—and as like aunts and mothers as may be. The Glovers trod closely on their heels. Anon came, in blue and gold, the parish beadle, Scarabeus Parochialis, with the ringers of the hand-bells. Then came the Banns—it was during the reign of Lord Eldon's Act—three sturdy pioneers, with their three axes, and likely to hew down sterner impediments than lie commonly in the path of marriage. On coming nearer, the countenance of the first was right foolish and perplext; of the second, simpering; and the last methought looked sedate, and as if dashed with a little fear. After the banns—like the Judges following the halberts—came the Joiners: no rough mechanics, but a portly, full-blown vicar, with his clerk—both rubicund—a peony paged by a pink. It made me smile to observe the droll clerical turn of the clerk's beaver, scrubbed into that fashion by his coat, at the nape. The marriage-knot—borne by a ticket-porter—came after the divine, and raised associations enough to sadden one, but for a pretty Cupid that came on laughing and trundling a hoop-ring. The next group was a numerous one, Firemen of the Hand-in-Hand, with the Union flag—the chief actors were near. With a mixture of anxiety and curiosity, I looked out for the impending couple, when, how shall I tell

it? I beheld, not a brace of young lovers—a Romeo and Juliet, not a "he-moon here, and a she-sun there"—not bride and bridegroom—but the happy *pear*, a solitary Bergamy, carried on a velvet cushion by a little foot-page. I could have forsworn my fancy for ever for so wretched a conceit, till I remembered that it was intended, perhaps, to typify under that figure, the mysterious resolution of two into one, a pair nominally, but in substance single, which belongs to marriage. To make amends, the high contracting parties approached in proper person—a duplication sanctioned by the practice of the oldest masters in their historical pictures. It took a brace of Cupids, with a halter, to overcome the "sweet reluctant delay," of the Bride, and make her keep pace with the procession. She was absorbed like a nun, in her veil:—tears, too, she dropped, large as sixpences, in her path; but her attendant Bridesmaid put on such a coquettish look, and tripped along so airily, that it cured all suspicion of heart-ache in such maiden showers. The Bridegroom, drest for the Honey-moon, was ushered by Hymen—a little link-boy; and the imp used the same importunity for his dues. The next was a motley crew. For nuptial ode or *Carmen*, there walked two carters, or draymen, with their whips; a leash of footmen in livery indicated Domestic Habits; and Domestic Comfort was personated by an ambulating advertiser of "Hot Dinners every Day."

THE MAN IN THE HONEYMOON.



PENN'S CONFERENCE WITH THE NATIVES.

I forget whether the Bride's Character preceded or followed her—but it was a lottery placard, and blazoned her as One of Ten Thousand. The parents of both families had a quiet smile on their faces, hinting that their enjoyment was of a retrospective cast, and as for the six sisters of the bride, they would have wept with her, but that six young gallants came after them. The friends of the family were Quakers, and seemed to partake of the happiness of the occasion in a very quiet and quaker-like way. I ought to mention that a band of harmonious sweet music preceded the Happy Pair. There was none came after—the veteran, Townsend, with his constables, to keep order, making up the rear of the Procession.

THE WIDOW.

One widow at a grave will sob
A little while, and weep, and sigh;
If two should meet on such a job,
They'll have a gossip by and by.
If three should come together—why,
Three widows are good company!
If four should meet by any chance,
Four is a number very nice,
To have a rubber in a trice—
But five will up and have a dance!

Poor Mrs. C—— (why should I not
Declare her name?—her name was Cross)
Was one of those the "common lot"
Had left to weep "no common loss"—
For she had lately buried then
A man, the "very best of men,"
A lingering truth, discover'd first
Whenever men "are at the worst."

To take the measure of her woe,
It was some dozen inches deep—
I mean in crape, and hung so low,
It hid the drops she did *not* weep:
In fact, what human life appears
It was, a perfect "veil of tears."
Though ever since she lost "her prop
And stay,"—alas! he wouldn't stay—
She never had a tear to mop,
Except one little angry drop,
From Passion's eye, as Moore would say;
Because, when Mister Cross took flight,
It look'd so very like a spite—
He died upon a washing-day!

Still Widow Cross went twice a week,
As if to "wet a widow's cheek,"
And soothe his grave with sorrow's gravy,—
'Twas nothing but a make-believe,
She might as well have hoped to grieve
Enough of brine to float a navy;
And yet she often seem'd to raise
A cambric kerchief to her eye—
A *duster* ought to be the phrase,
Its work was all so very dry.
The springs were lock'd that ought to flow—
In England or in widow-woman—
As those that watch the weather know,
Such "backward Springs" are not uncommon.

But why did Widow Cross take pains,
To call upon the "dear remains,"—
Remains that could not tell a jot,
Whether she ever wept or not,
Or how his relict took her losses?
Oh! my black ink turns red for shame—
But still the naughty world must learn,
There was a little German came
To shed a tear in "Anna's Urn"
At that next grave to Mr. Cross's!
For there an angel's virtues slept,
"Too soon did Heav'n assert its claim!"
But still her painted face he kept,
"Encompass'd in an angel's frame."

He look'd quite sad, and quite depriv'd,
His head was nothing but a hat-band;
He look'd so lone, and so *un*wiv'd,
That soon the Widow Cross contriv'd
To fall in love with even *that* band;
And all at once the brackish juices
Came gushing out thro' sorrow's sluices.—
Tear after tear too fast to wipe,
Tho' sopp'd, and sopp'd, and sopp'd again—
No leak in sorrow's private pipe,
But like a bursting on the main!
Whoe'er has watch'd the window-pane—
I mean to say in showery weather—

" ENCOMPASS'D IN AN ANGEL'S FRAME."

Has seen two little drops of rain,
Like lovers very fond and fain,
At one another creeping, creeping,
Till both, at last, embrace together:
So far'd it with that couple's weeping!
The principle was quite as active—
Tear unto tear,
Kept drawing near
Their very blacks became attractive.
To cut a shortish story shorter,
Conceive them sitting tête à tête—
Two cups,—hot muffins on a plate,—
With "Anna's Urn" to hold hot water!
The brazen vessel for a while,
Had lectured in an easy song,
Like Abernethy—on the bile—
The scalded herb was getting strong;
All seem'd as smooth as smooth could be,
To have a cosey cup of tea;
Alas! how often human sippers
With unexpected bitters meet,
And buds, the sweetest of the sweet,
Like sugar, only meet the nippers!

The Widow Cross, I should have told,
Had seen three husbands to the mould;
She never sought an Indian pyre,
Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves,

But, with a proper sense of fire,
Put up, instead, with "three removes:"
Thus, when with any tender words
Or tears she spoke about a loss,
The dear departed, Mr. Cross,
Came in for nothing but his thirds;
For, as all widows love too well,
She liked upon the list to dwell,
And oft ripp'd up the old disasters—
She might, indeed, have been suppos'd
A great *ship* owner, for she pros'd
Eternally of her Three Masters!

Thus, foolish woman! while she nurs'd
Her mild souchong, she talk'd and reckon'd
What had been left her by her first,
And by her last, and by her second.
Alas! not all her annual rents
Could then entice the little German—
Not Mr. Cross's Three Per Cents,
Or Consols, ever make him *her* man:
He liked her cash, he liked her houses,
But not that dismal bit of land
She always settled on her spouses.
So taking up his hat and band,
Said he, "You'll think my conduct odd—
But here my hopes no more may linger;
I thought you had a wedding-finger,
But oh!—it is a curtain-rod!"

A MAD DOG

Is none of my bug-bears. Of the bite of dogs, large ones especially, I have a reasonable dread; but as to any participation in the canine frenzy, I am somewhat sceptical. The notion savours of the same fanciful superstition that invested the subjects of Dr. Jenner with a pair of horns. Such was affirmed to be the effect of the vaccine matter—and I shall believe what I have heard of the canine virus, when I see a rabid gentleman, or gentlewoman, with flap ears, dew-claws, and a brush-tail!

I lend no credit to the imputed effects of a mad dog's saliva. We hear of none such amongst the West Indian Negroes—and yet their condition is always *slavery*.

I put no faith in the vulgar stories of human beings betaking themselves, through a dog-bite, to dog-habits: and consider the smotherings and drownings, that have originated in that fancy, as cruel as the murders for witchcraft. Are we, for a few yelpings, to stifle

all the disciples of Loyola—Jesuits Bark—or plunge unto death all the convalescents who may take to bark and wine?

As for the Hydrophobia, or loathing of water, I have it mildly myself. My head turns invariably at thin washy potations. With a dog, indeed, the case is different—he is a water-drinker; and when he takes to grape-juice, or the stronger cordials, may be dangerous. But I have never seen one with a bottle—except at his tail.

There are other dogs who are born to haunt the liquid element, to dive and swim—and for such to shun the lake or the pond would look suspicious. A Newfoundlander, standing up from a shower at a door-way, or a Spaniel with a Parapluie, might be innocently destroyed. But when does such a cur occur?

There are persons, however, who lecture on Hydrophobia very dogmatically. It is one of their maggots, that if a puppy be not wormed, he is apt to go rabid. As if forsooth it made so much difference, his merely speaking or not with, what Lord Duberly calls, his "vermicular tongue!" Verily, as Izaak Walton would say, these gudgeons take the worm very kindly!

Next to a neglect of calling in Dr. Gardner, want of water is prone to drive a dog mad. A reasonable saying—but the rest is not so plausible, viz. that if you keep a dog till he is very dry, he will refuse to drink. It is a gross libel on the human-like instinct of the

HYDROPHOBIA.

animal, to suppose him to act so clean contrary to human-kind. A crew of sailors, thirsting at sea, will suck their pumps or the canvas—any thing that will afford a drop of moisture; whereas a parching dog, instead of cooling his tongue at the next gutter, or licking his own kennel for imaginary relief, runs senselessly up and down to over-heat himself, and resents the offer of a bucket like a mortal affront. Away he scuds, straight forward like a marmot—except when he dodges a pump. A glimmering instinct guides him to his old haunts. He bites his Ex-master—grips his trainer—takes a snap with a friend or two where he used to visit—and then biting right and left at the public, at last dies—a pitchfork in his eye, fifty slugs in his ribs, and a spade at the small of his back.

The career of the animal is but a type of his victim's —suppose some Bank Clerk. He was not bitten, but only splashed on the hand by the mad foam or dog-spray: a recent flea-bite gives entrance to the virus, and in less than three years it gets possession. Then the tragedy begins. The unhappy gentleman first evinces uneasiness at being called on for his New River rates. He answers the Collector snappishly, and when summoned to pay for his supply of water, tells the Commissioners, doggedly, that they may cut it off. From that time he gets worse. He refuses slops—turns up a pug nose at pump-water—and at last, on a washing-day, after flying at the laundress, rushes out, ripe for hunting,

to the street. A twilight remembrance leads him to the house of his intended. He fastens on her hand—next worries his mother—takes a bit apiece out of his brothers and sisters—runs a-muck, "giving tongue," all through the suburbs—and finally, is smothered by a pair of bed-beaters in Moorfields.

According to popular theory the mischief ends not here. The dog's master—the trainer, the friends, human and canine—the Bank clerks—the laundresses—sweetheart—mother and sisters—the two bed-beaters—all inherit the rabies, and run about to bite others. It is a wonder, the madness increasing by this ratio, that examples are not running in packs at every turn:—my experience, notwithstanding, records but one instance.

It was my Aunt's brute. His temper, latterly, had altered for the worse, and in a sullen, or insane fit, he made a snap at the cook's radish-like fingers. The act demanded an inquest De Lunatico Inquirendo—he was lugged neck and crop to a full bucket; but you may bring a horse, to the water, says the proverb, yet not make him drink, and the cur asserted the same independence. To make sure, Betty cast the whole gallon over him, a favour that he received with a mood that would have been natural in any mortal. His growl was conclusive. The cook alarmed, first the family, and then the neighbourhood, which poured all its males capable of bearing arms into the passage. There were sticks, staves, swords, and a gun, a prong or two,

moreover, glistened here and there. The kitchen-door was occupied by the first rank of the column, their weapons all bristling in advance; and right opposite—at the further side of the kitchen, and holding all the army at bay—stood Hydrophobia—" in its most dreadful form!"

Conceive, Mulready! under this horrible figure of speech, a round, goggle-eyed pug-face, supported by two stumpy bandy-legs—the forelimbs of a long, pampered, sausage-like body, that rested on a similar pair of crotchets at the other end! Not without short wheezy pantings, he began to waddle towards the guarded entry—but before he had accomplished a quarter of the distance, there resounded the report of a musket. The poor Turnspit gave a yell—the little brown bloated body tumbled over, pierced by a dozen slugs, but not mortally; for before the piece could be reloaded, he contrived to lap up a little pool—from Betty's bucket—that had settled beside the hearth.

JOHN TROT.

A BALLAD.

John Trot he was as tall a lad
  As York did ever rear—
As his dear Granny used to say,
  He'd make a grenadier.

A serjeant soon came down to York,
  With ribbons and a frill;
My lads, said he, let broadcast be,
  And come away to drill.

But when he wanted John to 'list,
  In war he saw no fun,
Where what is called a raw recruit,
  Gets often over-done.

Let other's carry guns, said he,
  And go to war's alarms,
But I have got a shoulder-knot
  Impos'd upon my arms.

DRILL AND BROADCAST.

For John he had a footman's place
  To wait on Lady Wye—
She was a dumpy woman, tho'
  Her family was high.

Now when two years had past away,
  Her Lord took very ill,
And left her to her widowhood,
  Of course more dumpy still.

Said John, I am a proper man,
  And very tall to see;
Who knows, but now her Lord is low,
  She may look up to me?

A cunning woman told me once,
  Such fortune would turn up;
She was a kind of sorceress,
  But studied in a cup!

So he walked up to Lady Wye,
  And took her quite amaz'd,—
She thought, tho' John was tall enough,
  He wanted to be rais'd.

But John—for why? she was a dame
  Of such a dwarfish sort—
Had only come to bid her make
  Her mourning very short.

Said he, your Lord is dead and cold,
  You only cry in vain;
Not all the Cries of London now,
  Could call him back again!

You'll soon have many a noble beau,
  To dry your noble tears--
But just consider this, that I
  Have follow'd you for years.

And tho' you are above me far,
  What matters high degree,
When you are only four foot nine,
  And I am six foot three?

For tho' you are of lofty race,
  And I'm a low-born elf;
Yet none among your friends could say,
  You match'd beneath yourself.

Said she, such insolence as this
  Can be no common case;
Tho' you are in my service, sir,
  Your love is out of place.

O Lady Wye! O Lady Wye!
  Consider what you do;
How can you be so short with me,
  I am not so with you!

HIGH-BORN AND LOW-BORN.

Then ringing for her serving men,
  They show'd him to the door;
Said they, you turn out better now,
  Why didn't you before?

They stripp'd his coat, and gave him kicks
  For all his wages due;
And off, instead of green and gold,
  He went in black and blue.

No family would take him in,
  Because of this discharge;
So he made up his mind to serve
  The country all at large.

Huzza! the Serjeant cried, and put
  The money in his hand,
And with a shilling cut him off
  From his paternal land.

For when his regiment went to fight
  At Saragossa town,
A Frenchman thought he look'd too tall,
  And so he cut him down!

AN ABSENTEE.

If ever a man wanted a flapper—no Butcher's mimosa, or catchfly, but one of those officers in use at the court of Laputa—my friend W—— should have such a remembrancer at his elbow. I question whether even the appliance of a bladder full of peas, or pebbles, would arouse him from some of his abstractions—fits of mental insensibility, parallel with those bodily trances in which persons have sometimes been coffined. Not that he is entangled in abstruse problems, like the nobility of the Flying Island! He does not dive, like Sir Isaac Newton, into a reverie, and turn up again with a Theory of Gravitation. His thoughts are not deeply engaged elsewhere—they are nowhere. His head revolves itself, top-like, into a profound slumber:—a blank doze without a dream. He is not carried away by incoherent rambling fancies, out of himself—he is not drunk, merely, with the Waters of Oblivion, but drowned in them, body and soul!

There is a story, somewhere, of one of these absent persons, who stooped down, when tickled about the calf by a blue-bottle, and scratched his neighbour's leg; an act of tolerable forgetfulness, but denoting a state far short of W——'s absorptions. He would never have felt the fly.

To make W——'s condition more whimsical, he lives in a small bachelor's house, with no other attendant than an old housekeeper—one Mistress Bundy, of faculty as infirm and intermitting as his own. It will be readily believed that her absent fits do not originate, any more than her master's, in abstruse mathematical speculations—a proof with me that such moods result, not from abstractions of mind, but stagnation. How so ill-sorted a couple contrive to get through the common-place affairs of life, I am not prepared to say: but it is comical indeed to see him ring up Mistress Bundy to receive orders, which he generally forgets to deliver—or if delivered, this old Bewildered Maid lets slip out of her remembrance with the same facility. Numberless occurrences of this kind—in many instances more extravagant—are recorded by his friends; but an evening that I spent with him recently, will furnish an abundance of examples.

In spite of going by his own invitation, I found W— within. He was too apt, on such occasions, to be denied to his visitors; but what in others would be an unpardonable affront, was overlooked in a man who was not

always at home to himself. The door was opened by the housekeeper, whose absence, as usual, would not allow her to decide upon that of her master. Her shrill quavering voice went echoing up stairs with its old query,—"Mr. W——! are you within?" then a pause, literally for him to collect himself. Anon came his answer, and I was ushered up stairs, Mrs. Bundy contriving, as usual, to forget my name at the first landing-place. I had therefore to introduce myself formally to W——, whose old friends came to him always as if with new faces. As for what followed, it was one of the old fitful colloquies—a game at conversation, sometimes with a partner, sometimes with a dummy: the old woman's memory in the meantime growing torpid on a kitchen-chair. Hour after hour passed away: no tea-spoon gingled, or tea-cup rattled: no murmuring kettle or hissing urn found its way upward from one Haunt of Forgetfulness to the other. In short, as might have been expected with an Absentee, the Tea was absent.

It happens that the meal in question is not one of my essentials; I therefore never hinted at the In Tea Speravi of my visit; but at the turn of eleven o'clock, my host rang for the apparatus. The Chinese ware was brought up, but the herb was deficient. Mrs. Bundy went forth, by command, for a supply; but it was past grocer-time, and we arranged to make amends by an early supper, which came, however, as proportionably late as the tea. By dint of those freedoms which you must use with an

"LAWK! I'VE FORGOT THE BRANDY!"

entertainer who is absent at his own table, I contrived to sup sparely; and W——'s memory, blossoming like certain flowers to the night, reminded him that I was accustomed to go to bed on a tumbler of Geneva and water. He kept but one bottle of each of the three kinds, Rum, Brandy, and Hollands, in the house; and when exhausted, they were replenished at the tavern a few doors off. Luckily, for it was far beyond the midnight hour when, according to our vapid magistracy, all spirits are evil, the three vessels were full, and merely wanted bringing up stairs. The kettle was singing on the hob: the tumblers, with spoons in them, stood miraculously ready on the board; and Mrs. Bundy was really on her way from below with the one thing needful. Never were fair hopes so unfairly blighted! I could hear her step labouring on the stairs to the very last step, when her memory serving her just as treacherously as her forgetfulness, or rather both betraying her together, there befell the accident which I have endeavoured to record by the sketch opposite.

I never ate or drank with the Barmicide again!

ODE TO THE CAMELEOPARD.

WELCOME to Freedom's birth-place—and a de
    Great Anti-climax, hail!
So very lofty in thy front—but then,
    So dwindling at the tail!—
In truth, thou hast the most unequal legs!
Has one pair gallopp'd, whilst the other trotte
Along with other brethren, leopard-spotted,
O'er Afric sand, where ostriches lay eggs?
Sure thou wert caught in some hard uphill ch
Those hinder heels still keeping thee in check!
    And yet thou seems't prepar'd in any case,
    Tho' they had lost the race,
        To win it—by a neck!

That lengthy neck—how like a crane's it looks!
Art thou the overseer of all the brutes?
Or dost thou browze on tip-top leaves or fruits—
Or go a-birdnesting amongst the rooks?

AFRICAN WRECKERS.

WHITE BAIT.

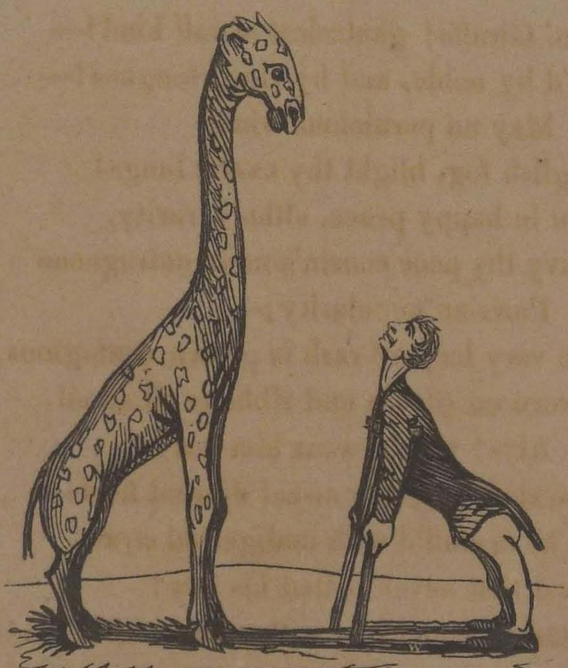
How kindly nature caters for all wants;
Thus giving unto thee a neck that stretches,
        And high food fetches—
To some a long nose, like the elephant's!

Oh! hadst thou any organ to thy bellows,
To turn thy breath to speech in human style,
        What secrets thou mights't tell us,
Where now our scientific guesses fail;
        For instance, of the Nile,
Whether those Seven Mouths have any tail—
        Mayhap thy luck too,
From that high head, as from a lofty hill,
Has let thee see the marvellous Timbuctoo—
Or drink of Niger at its infant rill;
What were the travels of our Major Denham,
        Or Clapperton, to thine
        In that same line,
If thou couldst only squat thee down and pen 'em!

Strange sights, indeed, thou must have overlook'd,
With eyes held ever in such vantage-stations!
Hast seen, perchance, unhappy white folks cook'd,
And then made free of negro corporations?
Poor wretches saved from cast away three deckers—
        By sooty wreckers—

From hungry waves to have a lot still drearier,
To far exceed the utmost aim of Park—
And find themselves, alas! beyond the mark,
In the *insides* of Africa's Interior!

Live on, Giraffe! genteelest of raff kind!—
Admir'd by noble, and by royal tongues!—
May no pernicious wind,
Or English fog, blight thy exotic lungs!
Live on in happy peace, altho' a rarity,
Nor envy thy poor cousin's more outrageous
Parisian popularity;—
Whose very leopard-rash is grown contagious,
And worn on gloves and ribbons all about,
Alas! they'll wear him out!—
So thou shalt take thy sweet diurnal feeds—
When he is stuff'd with undigested straw,
Sad food that never visited his jaw!
And staring round him with a brace of beads!



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